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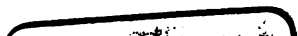
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THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
JAMES WARD.



THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
JAMES WARD,

VIEWED AS  
"THE CHAMPION"  
AND  
"THE ARTIST."

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THE EARL OF CALEDON.



Written by  
EDWARD MINGAUD.

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## PREFACE.

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THE noble achievements of the warrior, the brilliant oratory of the statesman, the richly flowing metre of the poet, lay claim to honourable distinction in our national annals; therefore minds of the highest intellectual attainment, inspired with the *amor patriæ*, have felt proud to register their most brilliant deeds in the undying pages of history. Yet can England boast of other men, more humble in pretension, living and daily associating with us in a sphere of life which renders their important actions more accessible to our individual knowledge, whose peculiar genius, unheralded by that mighty levithan, the press, may have a lengthened existence, yet expire in comparative obscurity:

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen;

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

In undertaking to write an authentic history of the life and adventures of James Ward, I am steering in a middle course. His position in society, happily for me, has neither been too lofty to preclude me from the enjoyment of a much valued friendship, deeply cemented between us, nor have his transcendent talents been so lightly appreciated as to deprive him of a living fame, and sterling reputation ; yet his most brilliant achievements remain unchronicled, and the world has still to learn how honourable a name he has acquired in an art wherein classic inspiration must form the desired basis. In publishing, therefore, the history of this extraordinary man, I have to hope that my pen may not be deemed wholly unworthy of so important a task.

It is certain I shall possess some peculiar and desirable advantages, unattainable by the more proficient authors who have preceded me : firstly, few men have associated more intimately and confidentially with James Ward than myself, few, if any, comprehend him better, or can more truly appreciate from individual testimony the generous and manly qualities of his heart ; and lastly, none have possessed that great desideratum, his constant presence at their side, to dictate with a most fertile and tenacious memory the peculiar events, lively anecdotes, and stirring incidents of his truly diversified and chequered career. It is to this last inducement, coupled with an anxious desire to



accede to the wishes of a numerous and valued circle of his friends, all desirous of possessing an authenticated history of the ex-champion of England, that my present undertaking is mainly attributable. Should the work prove interesting to my readers the merit will devolve upon the hero of my pages, if, on the contrary, the failure can alone attach itself to absence of talent in

**"THE WRITER."**



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# HISTORY OF JAMES WARD.

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## CHAPTER I.

### WARD'S ORIGIN AND EARLY PURSUITS IN LIFE.

GENIUS, however fettered by circumstances or environed by prejudice, *will* emancipate itself from thralldom, and claim at least an *honourable* distinction, even should it fail to realize a remunerative one. The early developments of an untutored intellect, struggling to ascend from its original standard, and combatting with the repulses and difficulties which beset its progress at every stage, are frequently directed in the course least in conformity with the most cherished sentiments of the heart. Circumstances conspiring to present but one apparently attainable object to our view, our thoughts and ideas become centred on that solitary point of attraction, until, having attained the highest summit of our ambition, we have no longer any competitor to arouse our emulation. It is only, therefore, when the mind reposes, that the predominant feeling, which originally pervaded it, prompts the contemplation of some new feature, on which to exercise its active development. It was thus with WARD, hitherto known to the world in the character of a gladiator, conquering all before him, but shortly to assume the honourable rank of professor in an art of the highest intel-

lectual order, embodying the bold conceptions of the poet and pourtraying the varied beauties of nature in their most classical and fascinating garb. Proceed we, however, with his history.

JAMES WARD was born in London on the 14th day of December, in the year 1800. He is of Irish extraction—his parents having quitted the Emerald Isle in the freshness of their youth to breathe the smoky atmosphere of our far-famed metropolis, the great inducement being the promise the latter spot held forth of a more available pecuniary remuneration for their toil than they could readily obtain in their own beautiful but sadly neglected country. Were it our province, we could apostrophise at some length on the present unhappy condition of this unfertilised island, and on the fearful tide of emigration which is bearing from their native land the hard-toiling sons of the “Gem of the Sea,” dispeopling almost every county throughout Ireland; but we profess at the outset of this history to avoid digression, and confine ourselves simply to the relation of those incidents which are blended with our hero’s career. Ward’s parents were perfect emblems of constancy, for their courtship continued in uninterrupted harmony, until it finally resulted in a nuptial ceremony, which took place at St. George’s-in-the-East. James Ward was the first fruit of this marriage, which was prolific enough in process of time to become multiplied to the number of seven; and greatly to his honour be it known, that in after life he became the chief support of his brothers and sisters, and the prop of the declining years of his amiable and widowed mother.

Nicholas Ward, the father, was a ballast-getter; quiet and unobtrusive in his manners, but considered to be the strongest man on the river Thames—no inconsiderable distinction, when it is remembered that at least four thousand persons are constantly employed about the wharfs, whose pretensions to strength are of a most unqualified description. It will not, therefore, excite surprise that our hero was thoroughly constituted for the part he had to perform in early life by nature and inheritance. Passing over his infantine years, which doubtless partook of all the little vicissitudes, interesting precocity, domestic pleasures and grievances which invariably characterise childhood in every grade of society, we find him at an early age attending a school kept by Mr. Eadon, at Chadwell.

We have said "attending," but probably the negative term would have been more in keeping with truth, for Master James had a dreadful aversion to scholastic studies. Books might be considered exceedingly interesting to some boys, but they possessed no earthly attraction for our young gentleman. No! Leaping, racing, and all the wild and boisterous sports of a truant boy were his delight, for we must acknowledge, feeling conscientiously tenacious for the veracity of our chronicle, Master James was a sad truant. Finding, therefore, that his educational pursuits were by no means relished with that ardent *goût* so necessary to insure their ultimate success, he was permitted at the early age of twelve years prematurely to fancy himself a man, and commence working on his own account, although at this period he was anything but muscular in his development. He was first employed at what is termed "rigging," that is, fitting out vessels for sea, several of which in the East India service were at that period lying in the docks. He was not long in that employment before he aspired to the high honour of serving an apprenticeship as "cabin boy" on board the bark *Mousley*, of which Captain Jackson was master, trading to Sunderland and North and South Shields in that indispensable acquisition to an Englishman's fireside, yclept "coals," but dignified in the classic language of the "cockneys" by the appellation of "Black Diamonds." The peculiarity of this situation could not fail to bring him in contact with men of most singular and diversified character, but being naturally active and persevering in his habits, his associates were chiefly those who would join with him in every species of athletic exercise, and as his frame daily became more developed, he soon discovered that the continual practice of wrestling, leaping, cricketing, etc., had rendered him a very formidable opponent to all with whom he had entered into competition.

About this period, when the first nobility of the land could, without tarnishing the brightness of their reputation, take active part in the manly and courageous sports of the day; when in consequence of their immediate patronage, the Ring was an arena where honourable men contended for prizes unsought by brutality, trickery, and chicanery, and alone attainable by bravery, science, and dexterity; when men like Lord

Byron could themselves, without the apprehension of losing caste, draw on the gauntlets with Jackson, Fuller, and others, and countenance by their presence individuals of unimpeachable integrity, in order to diffuse a manly spirit throughout the land, and banish for ever from the shores of Britain the murderous stiletto of revenge ; then were there established in various parts of London sparring clubs, where all the far-famed men of the day met to teach and practise the noble art of self-defence. It cannot, therefore, create surprise that he who was destined to become the undisputed Champion of England, should have visited these scenes with an interested and anxious feeling, alone to be comprehended by some young and ardent mind, left to its own direction, without guide or precept, and following at an humble distance, in the path traced out for him by the first and noblest spirits of the day. Having visited the sparring clubs, he would exercise his talents with lads of his own age ; and constant in his observations on the tactics of the most able practitioners, would endeavour to emulate them, and, if possible, to discover some novel system of defence, hitherto unattempted by others, which might prove more protective against his adversary's assault ; for he invariably studied the philosophy of his art, and naturally of a diffident and retiring nature, would take his seat unnoticed, a silent yet attentive spectator, thoroughly resolved never to become an actual performer in the entertainment until his various rehearsals had rendered him sufficiently perfect to sustain his character with credit to himself. He was therefore indefatigable in his pursuit, for if it ever reached his knowledge that any man of note was to exhibit at a certain place, and he could escape from his work to witness his exploits, neither time nor distance would debar him from attending at the chosen rendezvous, though not unfrequently, after having endured the general fatigues of the day, he was compelled to trudge home on foot, a distance of five or six miles, yet was he perfectly satisfied with his night's entertainment, and firmly resolved to be present at the next exhibition, should good fortune favour the undertaking.

## CHAPTER II.

HIS FIRST IMPRESSIONS ON PAINTING—MUSICAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS—  
SPARRING ENCOUNTERS AND SHOOTING MATCH UNDER THE  
REFEREESHIP OF JOHN FORRESTER OF THE MANSION  
HOUSE.

HE had only attained the age of seventeen, when, in consequence of some dispute of no very great moment, he had to display his prowess for the first time against a young man of the name of "Wall," and firmly did he stand against this "Wall," till ultimately the *Wall* gave way, unable to resist his force. His next encounter was with a person called "Wells," but as *Wall* fell beneath his conquering arm, so "*Wells*" was discovered to be not *half deep* enough to DROWN HIS ARDOUR; and both in turn were vanquished.

The fame acquired by these victories, blended with the knowledge of the rapidity of style which he displayed in sparring, soon had the effect of cooling the temerity of his former competitors, and one and all declined to "set to" with him again. His next victories were obtained against Jebb and Murray, no insignificant opponents, but success appeared never to desert his efforts. About this period, he had heard of the establishment of wrestling matches at White Conduit House; speedily did he become not only a spectator but an actor in the scene, and, singular as it may appear, although at that time a mere stripling, the most practised and skilful wrestlers could never succeed in throwing him.

It will not be deemed inappropriate (by way of illustrating the early dawning of a talent which, neglected at the time, only became properly matured by fostering circumstances and the practical efforts of after years), to refer to a little incident which occurred about this period

indicative of the fact that Ward always possessed a discriminating eye, justly framed and adapted to appreciate the merits of an artist's skill. It appears that during one of his peregrinations to witness some extraordinary feat of dexterity which was to be exhibited at Bow, he was much struck with two pictures he saw hanging in one of the rooms of the inn where he had established his quarters. He eyed them for a lengthened period with intense interest, forcibly struck with their close affinity to nature—the sheep, the pigs, the donkey, the idle boy, the husbandman, the cottage, and the farm-yard, all appeared to live upon the canvas in the strict fidelity of real life, and as the eye contracted, so did the sense expand—imagination filling up the minutiae of detail! So deeply impressed upon his ideas were these gems of art, we have heard him declare most solemnly, and that since he has himself become no mean artist, that the effect produced upon his mind by these paintings had never been thoroughly eradicated from his memory. He anxiously inquired the artist's name; the reply was at once confirmatory of the correct judgment he had formed. He was told they were two choice specimens by Morland, and though the name was at that time unknown to him, yet did he treasure it up in his memory until at length it became familiar to his thoughts "as household words." For several months these paintings so haunted his imagination that he could scarcely pass a print shop, containing the representation of a tolerably formed sheep, pig, or donkey, but he would forthwith purchase a copy, and, having provided himself with a small box of colours, endeavour to put a new and better-coloured coat upon their backs, but all in vain—the period had not yet arrived for our hero to obtain distinction as an artist; his early endeavours being signally infelicitous and less successful than those of other boys of his acquaintance. Ward could not brook to rank as an inferior, and therefore suddenly abandoned his novel pursuit.

Shortly after this period, however, he became much happier in another and far different accomplishment. He was ever a great admirer of music, and to this hour possesses a soul attuned to harmony, and an ear tenaciously correct in detecting the most minute intonation of discord. The great Paganini at that period had not become known to European fame, or doubtless in the height of Mr. Ward's ambition, he would have selected

that eminent instructor for his model when first he essayed to SCRAPE into favour upon that prince of instruments "the fiddle" (for he invariably sought information from the "fountain head," if at all attainable). He was content, however, to meet with a more humble violinist in the person of a Mr. Battle, under whose auspices he shortly became tolerably proficient, and was so well pleased with having mastered "one instrument," that he resolved to adopt a plan of self-instruction to accomplish the performance of others. He therefore abandoned the "Battle" and started with the "breeze," by practising the flute and flageolet, in which he made very fair progress, as subsequently he did with the piano and the guitar, to the no small astonishment of his less gifted and wondering companions; thus resembling the troubadours of old, whose minstrelsy could alike awaken the sympathy of affection, or arouse the ardour of bravery—he had a heart for his mistress, an arm for his country!

"Mon cœur à mon amie,  
Mon bras à ma patrie!"

In rapid succession, year by year, some new laurel was added to the wreath of his victories, and the renowned John Delaney, with the no less formidable Hayes, though heroes of their day, and no insignificant competitors, were compelled to succumb to the all-conquering Ward.

On one of the later occasions referred to, Ward's father, who had heard much of his son's extraordinary prowess and skill, but who had never sanctioned the pursuit by his countenance, either in word or deed, was, notwithstanding, anxious, without at all patronising him by the slightest declaration of approval, to witness to what extent he really carried out the high encomiums passed upon him by those who were constantly paying homage to the son through the ears of the father. The old man was therefore tempted to witness, at a distance from the scene of action, the display of his son's skill on the one occasion alluded to; he eyed every movement with intense anxiety, maintaining a studied silence, and only occasionally nodding his head when indicating that all appeared to be progressing in the right way. At length the tumultuous roar of victory assailed all ears, and proclaimed his son the conqueror. A friend, who stood at the



father's side, was enthusiastic in his praise. "There, Nick!" said he, "didn't I tell you so—isn't he a clever fellow?" "Yes, yes," replied the father, "he certainly is clever, but where the deuce did he pick it up from?" And in truth it was to him a perfect mystery, for never was parent more strictly prudent in the regulations of his domestic economy. Up to the age of twenty years, James had never slept from beneath his parent-roof, with the solitary exception of those periods when his services were required at Sunderland or Shields as before narrated. It is also a singular fact, that the father on no occasion exchanged a word with his son, either of censure or praise, upon the abilities he displayed in his self-chosen profession of arms, but contented himself by holding converse with others, never failing to express his astonishment as to the means by which he had attained so extraordinary an acquirement.

Our hero now became a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Porter, of Bow Common, where a sparring club was held, supported principally by the ship carpenters of Poplar, but generally presided over by some choice specimen of the professional school, who instructed them in the art of self-defence. It would be difficult to imagine a finer race of men, stalwart, hardy, athletic, inured to toil, muscular in development, and full of youthful vigour; yet, incredible as it may appear, all in turn succumbed to the superior system of tactics displayed by Ward. It was at length therefore resolved, without waiting for the ceremony of invitation, to have him introduced in his original unpolished state, without preparation, among the leading men of the day. Thus, before he had attained his twenty-first year, he made his *débüt* (under the auspices of a friend who had witnessed his feats at Bow), on the occasion of James Bunn's benefit, which took place in the year 1821, at the Red Lion, in Whitechapel. His first appearance amongst so many of the known professionals excited a considerable sensation; and having been forewarned that, although a novice, he must not be held in light estimation, a difficulty arose as to whom they should select for his opponent, in order, as they imagined, to give him an insight into the mysteries of the art. At length, however, their choice fell upon "Rasher," a man of some note, who had contended against Spencer and Hudson, and was held in high estimation among them. Ward, careless as to whom his antagonist might be, but

anxious to make his first essay, expressed delight to find his adversary a man of acknowledged reputation, and drew on the gloves with the most studied confidence. Nor were his hopes of success unrealized, his style so vastly superior to anything that Rasher had yet contended against, was so speedily made manifest, that the latter stood not the slightest chance with him, and, in pure vexation of spirit, openly declared some trick had been played upon him; that Ward was no novice, but understood every point as well as the oldest practitioners.

After this event, Ward, who still pursued his employment of coal-whipping, had soon become so great a favourite with the foreman and his fellow workmen, that whenever he required leave of absence to attend the benefit of any man of note in the ring, some one was always ready to supply his place, for they used to boast of the wonderful achievements of "*our Jem*," as they familiarly styled him, and firmly believed that he could beat all the world, if he liked. On these particular occasions, in his anxiety to reach the favoured spot in due time, he would hurry home as fast as his legs could carry him, carefully but hastily wash his face, put on clean linen, and run off to the place of action as neat and dapper a young man, to all outward appearance, as could be selected from the assembled multitude. But frequently, in his extreme haste, he would forget that he must undress before he could make his appearance in the arena, and when suddenly called upon to divest himself of his outward garments, he would exhibit to the audience a *white* shining face, seated on the shoulders of a *nigger-coloured body*, the result of his hard day's toil. This singular appearance seldom failed to create much merriment among the spectators, and gave rise to his being entitled "The Black Diamond."

Among the numerous other qualifications with which he was gifted, that of being a "*good shot*" was one, which was tolerably well exemplified on the occasion of a "sparrow-shooting match," which took place at Bow Common. Ward was successful enough, at the distance of sixteen yards, to miss but *one* bird out of the three dozen and a half allotted to him, a rather extraordinary feat, but one which only remained strongly impressed on his memory from the circumstance of the celebrated "John Forrester," of the Mansion House, having on that

occasion been appointed to the high dignity of referee. The urbanity and kindly feeling of John Forrester are too well known and, we are happy to add, too generally appreciated to need comment or confirmation on our part ; we therefore simply remark that, from that day, Ward and he became, and have continued to be, sincere friends, in the purest meaning of the term.

## CHAPTER III.

HIS FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE FIVES' COURT—HIS APPEARANCE IN THE PUBLIC ARENA—GLOVE-ENCOUNTER WITH TOM SPRING—HIS PROVINCIAL TOUR, AND THE ACCIDENT BY WHICH HE LOST HIS DINNER.

WARD's first Introduction to the Five's Court took place on Tuesday the 22nd of January, in the year 1822, on the occasion of the joint benefit of Sutton and Gyblett. He was the principal novelty of the day, and the curiosity of the amateurs was not only greatly excited, but deeply gratified, by the display of science he evinced so far exceeding their most sanguine expectations. He firstly put on the gloves with Spencer, when it was evident to every beholder that the old system of defence was altogether too slow and methodical to ensure safety against the energetic rapidity of a quick-sighted and active competitor. Spencer therefore proved an easy conquest. Not satisfied with this first display, the amateurs were on the *qui vive* to find some other more formidable adversary, and having politely requested him to resume the gauntlets (to which he yielded a ready consent), they confronted him with "Cyrus Davies," whose fame was of high standing. Ward, however, took the lead throughout the whole encounter, and being remarkably active, at one period of the bout, while in the act of striking out, he at the same time tripped the heel of Davies, who fell to the ground in the most unpicturesque and ludicrous posture. Davies by no means relished this "Grimaldi species of pantomimic tumbling," and raising himself up, immediately appealed to the audience: "Gentlemen," said he, "I thought I came here to spar, I did not come to fight; but since this young man appears to be of a different opinion, why he must abide by the consequences." So saying, he drew the gloves close to his

wrists, and appeared resolved to revenge the indignity he had so recently suffered ; instead, however, of retrieving his laurels, he was defeated with still greater certainty and dexterity than before, and was finally compelled to yield the palm of victory to Ward. After this spirited rally, you might hear from all sides of the court the most eager inquiries respecting him. "Who is he?" "Where did he come from?" "How did he learn it?" "Who could have taught him?" "Where has he been living," &c. ; and not a few indulging in the spirit of prophecy, declared: "This man will one day become Champion of England." There were others, however, belonging to the *School* who looked with envy upon his sudden and unaided elevation to distinction, and muttered to themselves—"Ay, ay, he's very clever in a room, but we have yet to prove what sort of a man he will be found in the field," &c. They did not long remain in doubt on this head, his intrinsic merits were shortly put to the test, by his being matched against a well-tried man, whose name was "Acton." This was his first appearance in the ring, and as it forms a peculiar feature in our hero's history, we must crave indulgence to make a few prefatory remarks.

We have declared in our introduction that we were intimately acquainted with James Ward, but that acquaintanceship existed only in the quiet domestic retirement of his days of peace. We are therefore, as incapacitated as he is unwilling, to publish in *detail* the various exploits which in his younger days contributed to place him in the high position of Champion of England. It is his most earnest desire (and surely all must applaud the delicacy of the sentiment), that the history of his life should, in perusal, prove sufficiently unobjectionable to meet the eyes of the most fastidious of either sex. Therefore, although every important event of his career will be freely descanted upon, the minutiae of his combats will be passed over in silence, their epochs and results alone being faithfully chronicled. Much as a true-born Englishwoman glories in the bravery of Britain's sons, fervently as she offers up her prayer of gratitude to the God of War, who has vouchsafed a victory to British arms, yet does she shrink with indescribable horror from the details of a battle, though deeply venerated in memory as Trafalgar or Waterloo, if the sanguinary incidents which accompanied its achievement are for a moment presented to her fevered imagination.

And, therefore, are we disposed to omit the least interesting portions of our narrative, in order that we may not be deprived of one of the highest compliments which can be paid to our production, namely, its perusal by the fairer portion of earth's creation. Suffice it, then, that our hero met the redoubtable Acton at Mousley Hurst, on the 12th of June, 1822. Acton had proved a dangerous opponent to Peter Crawley on a former occasion, and was looked upon as no easy match. However, so complete was Ward's triumph, that the former yielded in the short space of fifteen minutes. The patrons of the Ring were now in raptures with the entirely novel system of tactics which Ward had introduced into the Ring, and anxiously awaited the opportunity of making a second match for him, so great was their confidence in his skill; accordingly, about three months afterwards, namely, on the 22nd of September, in the same year, he entered the lists with Burke, of Woolwich. In this encounter (finding that he possessed every advantage which could ensure a speedy victory) he concealed his style and method of defence from the connoisseurs, who he knew were planning an important match for him with Abbott, the conqueror of Oliver, and therefore confined himself to the mere exercise of wrestling rather than fighting, and, after a few short rallies, was proclaimed the victor in the space of seven minutes.

In the following October, not more than a month after this adventure, he met Abbott at Mousley Hurst; and on this occasion, it was, that Ward committed a *faux pas*, which but for the peculiar circumstances which induced it, his decided inexperience in the world, and comparatively friendless position, might have proved a serious obstacle to his future advancement in life. Talent, however pre-eminent, can never from itself command success, without the assistance of capital to direct its course, and procure a fair opportunity for its public display. At this period of his career, had Ward found no friend ready to back him in his various encounters, he might probably have dwelt in his original obscurity. But fate ordained it otherwise; and a patron appeared, ready on every occasion to assist his views by supplying the requisite funds to match him against each opposing adversary. Impressed with a deep sense of gratitude for the distinction thus conferred upon him, and being a perfect novice in all worldly affairs, he listened to his counsel,

and was strictly forbidden to win the battle against Abbott. His patron told him he had private reasons for it, and that the result would prove beneficial to his future career. He obeyed the instructions and advice of his counsellor, and purely on the score of friendship (unalloyed by other considerations), permitted Abbott to be considered the victor of the day, greatly to his own mortification. But so totally unused to stratagem was Ward, that at the outset he inadvertently had nearly brought the contest to a close in his own favour; and his subsequent attempts at disguise were too transparent to deceive the most cursory spectator. Much dissatisfaction was expressed, and it was therefore ultimately arranged that the money staked should be returned to the respective owners; and it is only due to Ward to state, that he did not himself receive one shilling, and was eventually the only victim throughout the whole transaction. Is it not deeply to be deplored, that even to this day, the turf is not exempt from practices of this description; that men, whose high standing in society should form a guarantee against the mean practice of deception, will continue to pander with those over whom circumstances permit them to exercise their influence, for purposes as illiberal as they are unworthy of a generous and noble mind. Enough, however, on this head. Had we passed over the event in silence, we might have been accused of invidious partiality; but the error was venial and ephemeral—the mere spots on the sun's disc, which have no power to controul his brightness.

Ward anxiously awaited an opportunity again to distinguish himself, and become re-established with the public. His prowess was accordingly called into requisition on the 4th of February, 1832. His opponent, a highly-couraged countryman, but no novice, having taken lessons from Eales, was distinguished by the happy cognomen of White-headed Boh. After a desperate struggle on the part of the latter, he yielded to Ward in the space of nineteen minutes.

About seven days after this contest, namely on the 11th of February, at the Fives' Court, for the benefit of Joshua Hudson, the main feature and attraction of the day was the bout between the renowned Spring and Ward. Every spectator was on the tip-toe of expectation, all eyes were directed towards the stage, a breathless silence reigned around, the dropping of a pin might

have been detected. It was a fine opportunity for Ward, and like a skilful general, he did not lose sight of it. Spring always ready, and never off his guard, could not, with all his knowledge, resist the rapidity of Ward, who obtained the most signal advantages over him, and raised himself by this encounter to the highest pinnacle of fame, in the estimation of all the old patrons of the Ring. It must be observed, that at this period he was little more than twenty-two years of age, and was contending against one who had always been regarded as the most scientific man of his day. Inspired with confidence, he next undertook to challenge any man of his own weight in England, but after having inserted his defiance on three distinct occasions in the *Weekly Dispatch*, without obtaining a reply, he finally made up his mind to rusticate for a few months, and give the provincials what Shakspeare terms "a taste of his quality;" for which purpose he selected for his *compagnons de voyage*, Maurice Delay and George Weston. These men were perfectly acquainted with the road, as it is technically termed—in other words, they were accustomed to pedestrian excursions, knew the distances from one important town to the other, and the particular months for the celebration of every periodical holiday, racing meeting, or festival. In these matters Ward was a complete tyro; and his brother excursionists, more accustomed to emigration than himself, could fairly outstrip him in the forced marches they were frequently compelled to make—at times covering the space of thirty miles in a single day. Of course their wardrobes, like that of the Honourable Mr. Dowlas in the *Heir-at-Law*, were all packed up in their *blue and white pocket handkerchiefs*, and conveyed from town to town on walking sticks suspended over the shoulders of their respective proprietors. Ward could by no means keep pace with his companions, and it was therefore agreed that he should be permitted to carry the smallest bundle. Passing one day through a little village within about four miles of their intended destination, their attention was attracted to an unpretending butcher's shop where were displayed some mutton chops of the most tempting description; they were bargained for and purchased, tied carefully with a piece of string, and suspended with the small bundle on Ward's stick, to be conveyed to the next town for the purpose of enlisting the services of



some experienced cook at the first respectable public house they should arrive at. Encouraged by the prospect of a comfortable dinner, off they started at an increased speed. "Come Ward," said his companions, "let us get on as fast as we can, we shall be hungry enough before we get into Bath." They took the lead, and Ward followed up with the *rations* in the rear, and was frequently more than a hundred yards behind them. However, perseverance ultimately brought them to the desired spot, and entering the house in tip-top spirits, they called for refreshments, and requested that their chops might be cooked forthwith. "Where are the chops?" said the waiter. "Oh! all right," said Delay, perceiving Ward had just entered, "now cook them nicely on the gridiron—here, Jem, give us your bundle." The bundle was hoisted from his shoulder, when, to their horror and consternation, *the chops were gone!* They had become disengaged from their wooden spit, and in all human probability were frizzling in the sun at about the distance of a mile from the table they were intended to replenish. Weston suggested that Ward should turn back and try and find them. "No, thank ye," said the latter; "I've had trouble enough to *get here*—you don't catch me walking back again I can tell ye."

## CHAPTER IV.

HIS DISGUISE AS SAWNEY WILSON—ENCOUNTER WITH HUDSON—  
CHALLENGE TO LANGAN—SIR BELLINGHAM GRAHAM'S  
PATRONAGE OF HIS TALENTS—HIS TWO CONTESTS WITH SAMP-  
SON, AND THEIR SUBSEQUENT PROVINCIAL TOUR—MATCH WITH  
CANNON FOR £1,000—PROCLAIMED CHAMPION, AND PRE-  
SENTED WITH THE BELT.

ARRIVED at Bath, our heroes repaired to the Castle and Ball, where several well-known amateurs, attracted by the races, had assembled from London to witness the sports. They immediately recognised Ward, and were delighted to meet him, assuring him that he could not have arrived more opportunely, for that a man of the name of Rickens, the acknowledged Champion of Bath, had been running down the Cockneys since their arrival in the City, and priding himself upon his gigantic proportions and immense strength, had openly declared that he was more than a match for any two Londoners they could find. It required very little persuasion to induce Ward to consent to meet this formidable opponent ; but it was arranged that he should assume another name, and that some one should inform Rickens that an individual, just arrived from the north, called "Sawney Wilson," had been discovered, who was courageous enough to dispute laurels with him. All was speedily arranged, and in a few hours afterwards Rickens walked into the Castle, and asked for "Sawney." He was immediately introduced to him. "I understand," said the Bath Champion, stepping up to him, "that you say you will fight Rickens." "Yes, sir," replied Sawney, "I'm not particular." "Will you fight me?" continued Rickens. "No, sir," replied Sawney, cautiously, "you are too big a man for me." "Oh, am I?" said he ;

"well then, let me tell you, I am Rickens." "No, sure! are you, though?" reiterated Sawney. "Well then, as I have promised these gentlemen, I suppose I must fight you." Rickens, delighted with his simplicity, said, "Have you got any money?" "Yes," replied Sawney; "these gentlemen are going to lend me some." "Come along, then," said he, "and we'll make the match at once, before you fly off the bargain." Twenty-five pounds a-side were immediately deposited, and the heroes met at Lonsdale on Friday, July 2, 1823. It would be impossible to describe the half-suppressed merriment of the Bathonians as they chuckled in the full confidence of their easy victory over poor "Sawney Wilson," and the Cockneys were set down in their opinion as little short of madmen to risk their money in so hopeless a speculation. On preparing for the contest, the advantage of height, length, and weight were so manifestly in favour of the Bath Champion, that the Somersetshire Lads were in ecstasies, and poor Sawney had no friends but the Hebrew amateurs, who confidently looked upon their "Star of the East" as the conquering David who was to vanquish the terrible Goliath. The battle commenced. Description would baffle the most fertile pen. Rickens had not a chance throughout the whole encounter; and it was truly laughable, on the various occasions of Ward's successful rallies, to hear the observations of the bystanders—"What do they call 'un, 'Sawney Wilson?" By gum, he beant half such a Sawney as some volk may think." "Why, he makes Rickens spin round like a humming-top." "Sawney be no catch for any man," Suffice it to say that in the short space of fifteen minutes, Ward's victory was most decisive, and he was proclaimed conqueror amidst the deafening shouts of the assembled multitude. This was a true specimen of the trickster tricked. Rickens thought to meet a "*Sawney*," but caught a "*Tartar*."

From Bath they pursued their route to Southampton, with pockets handsomely replenished, and here a match was made for Ward against a man of the name of Johnson, a friend of Neate's, of Bristol notoriety. The meeting took place at Shirley Common on the 24th of August, 1823. Ward's friends persuaded him to prolong the battle as much as possible, in order to give rise to some betting upon the event, but having exhausted the first ten minutes in mere display without

obtaining the desired object, he was urged to bring the contest to a close, which he did with the greatest facility, remarking, as he drew on his coat, that he could defeat as many Johnsons as could stand between himself and St. Paul's.

Shortly after this, Ward returned to the metropolis ; and immediately, in the person of a nobleman, found a backer ready to match him against Joshua Hudson for £100 a-side. The contest took place at Mousley Hurst, on Friday, the 11th of November, 1823. Ward displayed his usual science, but was evidently not in condition when he met his adversary. This may be fairly inferred from the fact that Cannon, who certainly defeated Hudson on two occasions with the greatest facility, was subsequently, as will appear in this history, vanquished by Ward in a few minutes, who left the Ring without having sustained the slightest injury. On this occasion, however, after an encounter of thirty-five minutes, Hudson gained the battle. Notwithstanding which, the friends of Ward clustered round him in full force, and backed him against Phillip Sampson for £100 aside. This contest was decided at Colnbrook, about seventeen miles from London, on Monday, the 21st of June, 1824. Sampson was unquestionably a dangerous opponent, having obtained a decided victory, some ten months previously, over Abraham Belasco, the achievement of which displayed considerable science and activity. Ward was notwithstanding the favourite, and richly did he merit the distinction. The encounter lasted fifty minutes, and terminated in his favour. The notorious John Langan, who had backed Sampson, on his own account, was greatly annoyed at the close of the contest, when Phillip exclaimed, "It's of no use, he won't let me get at him. I've had quite enough." "Oh, bother," said Langan, "fire away again, man ; sure you're not *half* bate yet !" "Aint I?" replied Sampson ; "then you may go in and take the other half, I'm quite satisfied with my share." Pierce Egan, in dilating upon this event, remarks—"It was delightful to witness the tactics displayed by Ward. He is natural and finished in style, and reminds us of the late James Belcher, he has so many fine points about him. He is calculated to accomplish great things." Shortly after this, Ward sent a challenge to Langan, offering to deposit £50 to make a match with him. This was not accepted ; but subsequently, on the

1st of July, Langan took a benefit at the Five's Court, and on that occasion offered to contend against any man for £300 aside. Ward immediately proposed himself as a candidate for the distinction, but Langan, on consulting with his friends, said he could not conveniently make the match at that particular time, but hoped to do so on some future occasion. Sir Bellingham Graham then requested Ward openly to challenge any man in England for one, two, or three hundred pounds, which he accordingly did, but no one accepted his offer. O'Neal also, who had been matched against him, subsequently declined the encounter, and consequently forfeited to him the £50 which had been deposited. Our hero, therefore, appeared likely to meet with no employment, until at length he was agreeably surprised by receiving a solicitation from Sampson to meet him a second time. A match was immediately made, which took place about five miles from Stony Stratford, on Tuesday, the 28th of December, 1824, the rain pouring in torrents. Sampson was never in better condition, and had the decided advantage of weight over his opponent. The latter nevertheless, as before, was the favourite. On one occasion during the contest, Sampson fancying, from Ward's retreating manœuvres, that he had placed him in what Brother Jonathan denominates a "fix," called out—"Now, my boy, I've got you!" Ward merely smiled, and, with considerable dexterity, speedily released himself from his presumed position of danger, and shortly afterwards, in *his* turn, obtained a decided advantage over Sampson, when he could not help exclaiming, with the greatest good humour, "Holloa, my boy, now I think I've got you!" And in truth it was so, for after a really manly struggle on the part of Sampson, Ward was a second time proclaimed victor, the contest having lasted thirty-eight minutes.

A few weeks afterwards, when Sampson had fully recovered from the effects of his recent encounter, he arranged with Ward to leave town on a sparring tour. We have already stated that the latter was by no means partial to pedestrianism, and Sampson was continually upbraiding him with the little speed he appeared to display during their excursion. On one occasion, about half-a-mile from the town of Nottingham, they stopped to examine the state of their finances, when they discovered that their accumulated funds amounted to the

enormous sum of four pence halfpenny. Sampson looked disdainfully for a moment at the small bulk of their circulating medium, and deeming it insufficient for the purposes of speculation, in heroics exclaimed—"No, Jem, if our name and presence is not of sufficient consequence to command success without risking our own capital, there is no British feeling in the town of Nottingham!" So saying, he deliberately threw the four pence halfpenny over the bridge; and they marched into Nottingham without a penny in their pockets. They immediately proceeded to the Bell Inn, kept by a Mr. Clarke. Sampson, whose forte never was modesty, well-knowing the retiring habits of Ward, undertook the entire plans of action. He rang the bell, and was immediately attended to. "Hoa, waiter!" said he; "bring in tea for two, and be quick about it, for we're rather sharp set." Ward nudged Sampson, as much as to say, "Do you know what you're about? Who the deuce is to pay for it?" "Oh! all right," continued Sampson. "And, waiter! send Mr. Clarke here, will you? I want to speak to him." In due course, Mr. Clarke entered, with all becoming ceremony. "Well, Mr. Clarke," proceeded Sampson, "how are you?" "Very well, sir, thank ye." "That's all right. Oh, Mr. Clarke, you told me, if ever I brought you a really clever man to Nottingham, you would ensure him an excellent benefit." "Yes," said Clarke, "I believe I did." "Well then," said he, "here's James Ward, the best man in England; so now go to work." The landlord hesitated, and seemed for some time to doubt the fact, but ultimately becoming convinced, was delighted beyond measure at the presence of his new guest. The intelligence spread round the town like wildfire. Boniface was a sterling good fellow; his house became the nucleus of attraction. He was handsomely paid for his *tea*; and our heroes, who had entered Nottingham on foot, without a farthing, rattled out of town in a post-chaise, with twenty guineas a piece in their pockets.

On his return to London, Ward was warmly welcomed by his friends and backers, who declared that the Championship of England was not far removed from his reach; and, as a proof how highly he ranked in the estimation of the noblemen and gentlemen who then patronised the ring, he was

desired to challenge Tom Cannon, to contend for the proud title of champion, for the sum of £1,000. The celebrated F. Hayne was Cannon's backer, and a preliminary meeting was shortly called, at which he was present, when it was determined to accept Ward's offer, and a deposit was forthwith paid down, to insure the match for the most considerable stake that had ever yet been contended for in the prize ring. The remainder of the money was to be made good at "one meeting." Accordingly, a dinner was held at Tom Cribb's a few days afterwards, at which Mr. Hayne with Cannon and several amateurs were present, as was also Mr. Nobble, the backer of Ward. Ward did not arrive there until afterwards, but the moment it was ascertained that he was in the house, he was ushered up stairs, and cordially welcomed by all the guests there present. To his infinite surprise and regret, however, he understood that Mr. Hayne had been prevailing upon Mr. Nobble to reduce the amount of the stakes to £500 a-side, as, he said, he considered that would be an ample sum to contend for. Mr. Nobble at first raised some objection, but finally, fearing to miss the match, consented to the terms proposed by Mr. Hayne. The articles were drawn up accordingly, and £500 a-side duly deposited. All now was mirth and hilarity, and Cannon was called upon to favour the company with a song, which he managed to get through very respectably. Shortly afterwards, Ward was solicited to entertain the company with his vocalisation, when Mr. Nobble immediately rose to apologise on the part of his friend, assuring the company that he could not sing. "Stop! stop!" cried Ward, "I certainly don't profess to be so clever as Braham, but I think I can sing as well as Cannon, too." This announcement was of course received with acclamations of applause, and, without further ceremony, he gave them a specimen, which at least convinced the auditors that he could sing in tune, and possessed a correct ear for music. The usual toasts and sentiments were given and responded to, and the party broke up, in the full spirit of harmony, having appointed Tuesday, the 19th of July, 1826, for the decision of the great event.

On that memorable day, contiguous to the town of Warwick, did Ward and Cannon meet to contend for the British championship. The heat was so intense, the thermometer stood

at 130 degrees. Fountains of soda water and ginger beer were drained by the thirsty multitude who surrounded the arena, for the oldest inhabitants declared that they had never experienced such an intensity of heat in England until that day. The town of Warwick presented the most lively appearance,—every horse and vehicle for miles round was in requisition, the turnpike-keepers and publicans reaping an immense harvest. Ward was decidedly the favourite, not only in London, but at the scene of action. Cannon won the choice of ground, a very considerable advantage on a day like that, when the heat and power of the sun's rays were so oppressive as almost to operate like a species of delirium upon the senses. Never did a contest wherein two brave men had met, resolved to decide upon intrinsic merit their honourable pretensions to the high distinction of champion, excite a greater sensation or terminate so speedily and absolutely as this extraordinary combat. Ward was proclaimed the victor in ten sharp rounds, occupying the brief space of only as many minutes. He immediately rushed up to Cannon, to offer him his hand, but the latter was totally insensible to his friendly advances. The conquest was most decisive, and Ward was now "*Champion of England.*"

Three days after this important event, namely, on the 22nd of July, Ward appeared at the Fives Court on the occasion of Harry Holt's benefit. When he ascended the stage the acclamations which greeted his appearance were of the most enthusiastic character. Harry Holt, in a neat and concise speech, presented to him the champion's belt, which Oliver immediately placed round his body. It consisted of the blue and crimson colours worn at the late contest, bound round with a tiger's skin. The clasp or buckle was made of highly-polished steel, encircled with emblematical designs, and in the centre of the clasp a heart worked with gold, on which was engraven the following inscription. "This Belt was presented to James Ward, at the Fives Court, St. Martin Street, Leicester Fields, on the 22nd of July, in commemoration of his scientific and manly conquest of Thomas Cannon, at Stansfield Park, Warwick, on the 19th of July, 1825. This battle, at the present time, entitles him to the high and distinguished appellation of the British Champion!" Ward had scarcely got the belt on, when he observed to a



friend, with a smile, "I have got it at last, and I mean to keep it." Cannon having remarked to Ward, that he thought his recent defeat in so short a time was, in a great measure, attributable to the heat of the weather, Ward replied, that he was quite prepared to make another match with any man, and that Cannon, if he pleased, should at all times have the preference. No one appearing after this to dispute the championship with him, he addressed the following letter to the Editor of *Pierce Egan's Life in London* :—

"SIR,—It is my intention to start on a sparring tour for a few months. I beg you will do me the favour, through the medium of your journal, to inform those who have a wish to meet me in the P.R., that I shall not be at leisure for seven or eight months: in the interim, the various aspirants to the Championship may contend with each other; and I shall be happy, at the expiration of the time specified, to accommodate the winner of the Main.

"I am, sir, yours respectfully, JAMES WARD."

## CHAPTER V.

INTERVIEW WITH SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE—GEORGE THE FOURTH'S DESIRE TO SEE HIM—HIS RACING MATCH WITH THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS—SIR GILBERT EAST AND HIMSELF PARTNERS AT QUILTS AGAINST HIS GRACE AND THE CLERGYMAN—HE ASSUMES THE CHARACTER OF A GAMEKEEPER.

OUR hero again repaired to the provinces, where he passed his time in visiting several towns of importance, in all of which he met with a hearty and friendly welcome. On his return to London, his old companions and friends thronged around him as heretofore, and congratulated him upon his improved appearance. In fact, his symmetrical proportions were the theme of general admiration; so much so, that a nobleman of high repute, in order to gratify the wish of Sir Thomas Lawrence, introduced Ward to him in his studio. Sir Thomas expressed himself highly delighted with the interview, availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded him, and politely thanking him, slipped a guinea into his hand. About this period also, Mr. Weston, the celebrated tailor of Bond-street, who was a great admirer of Ward, and invariably presented him with a suit of clothes every season, had planned a meeting with him, purposely to gratify the curiosity of the highest personage in the realm. It is well known in London that George the Fourth not only honoured Mr. Weston with his commands, but distinguished him from others by many condescending marks of affability. His Majesty had expressed a wish to see Ward, and a day was accordingly appointed by Mr. Weston for him to call at his establishment in Bond-street, where, in all probability, our fourth George, incognito, was to behold the Champion of England. But whether owing to a feeling of diffidence or

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at the expiration of the appointed time, it is difficult to state, yet it is that Ward did not make his promised appearance. Several months had now elapsed, notwithstanding his challenges, before Ward could find another match, which he did ultimately in the person of Peter Crawley for 1827, and was decided upon Royston Heath, Cambridgeshire. Before, however, detailing the particulars of this event, it will be necessary to refer to a little incident which occurred to our hero, during the period of his training, at a place called Early Bottom, near Maidenhead. On one occasion, as he was proceeding along the high-road, within about two hundred yards of the turnpike, he was met by two gentlemen, the one rather gaudily attired, the other displaying a most unusual profusion of ornaments; the latter gentleman stopped him, and the following interrogatory took place. "Is your name Ward?" said the gentleman. Ward, contemplating the array of jewellery which adorned his person, at once concluded that he was some wealthy merchant of the Hebrew persuasion, and answered with perfect freedom, "Yes, that's my name, sir." The gentleman then took hold of Ward's arm, and grasping it firmly, said, "You've a capital arm, Ward." Ward thought he would be even with him, however, and deliberately taking hold of his arm in the same familiar manner, replied, "Yes, sir, and you appear to have very little to complain of." The gentleman smiled, and seemed rather pleased at the compliment. "Ward," said he, "I wish you would step up to-morrow, about twelve o'clock, to the mansion on the rise of the hill, the residence of Sir Gilbert East: he is very anxious to see you." Ward flattered by the invitation, replied, "Very well, sir, I will be punctual to the time." The gentleman then politely wished him "Good day," and Ward proceeded on his way till he reached the turnpike gate. The keeper asked him if he knew who the individual was he had been talking to. "No," replied Ward; "he's a very gentlemanly man—who is he?" "Why," said the keeper, "that is the Duke of St. Albans!" "The Duke of St. Albans!" exclaimed Ward, in surprise. "Well," thought he, "if we have not shaken hands, we certainly have shaken arms together."

The morning arrived, and he was punctual in his attendance upon Sir Gilbert at the appointed hour, who appeared much

gratified by his presence, and said, "Ward, I've sent for you to oblige me by undertaking a match. I know you are an excellent runner" (it appears that Ward had some time previously, contended against one of Sir Gilbert's keepers, who was remarkably swift of foot, but could not keep pace with him), "and I particularly wish you to engage against the duke, who prides himself upon his great speed in a race of 100 yards. I have already concluded the match, relying upon you not refusing me." Ward, of course, consented, and forthwith the ground was marked out and duly measured. The ladies were invited to become spectators of this novel match, and the lawn of Sir Gilbert suddenly became the scene of life, fashion, and beauty. The duke prepared for action, and Ward without the slightest ceremony patiently awaited the completion of his arrangements, when his Grace, having caught a glimpse of the thick boots which Ward was in the habit of wearing during his training, said, "Why, Ward, you surely will never think of running a race in those boots: pray take them off; I shall dispense with my shoes I can assure you." Ward of course complied, and the duke ran in his silk stockings. At the given signal, his Grace of St. Albans and the British champion started at full speed, and for the first eighty yards ran elbow to elbow: never could match appear better contested; but his Grace's strength had become exhausted, and he could no longer sustain the severity of the pace; Ward consequently shot ahead of him with perfect ease, and the duke finding he had no chance left, turned round, and retraced his steps. Sir Gilbert subsequently declared to Ward, that the duke had averred he had never been beaten until that day. After the race, Ward partook of an excellent dinner, and Sir Gilbert again sent for him to induce him to play a match at quoits. Sir Gilbert and Ward were to be partners against the duke and (of all persons in the world, gentle reader) the respected clergyman of the parish. His Grace said, "Now, Sir Gilbert, before we commence, let us understand what we shall play for." "Egad," thought Ward, within himself, "these gentlemen will certainly stake some very considerable sum;" but, imagine his surprise, when Sir Gilbert replied, "Why, we'll play for a shilling a corner." And for a shilling a corner they did play. Sir Gilbert and Ward were fortunate enough to win seven games; and the Champion of

England left the mansion on the hill enriched by the faithful payment of the duke's seven shillings.

The day appointed for the contest with Peter Crawley at length arrived, and Ward's partisans felt so confident of victory, that wagers were betted in several instances that the battle would be decided in less than twenty minutes. Ward, anxious as he ever was to win his patrons' money, permitted himself to be led into the error of seeking to bring the contest to a termination within the time prescribed, without calculating the probable consequences of so injudicious a proceeding. During the first round, our hero had it all his own way, and Crawley was in so enfeebled a state, that Ward whispered to his friend, "I can win it *now*, at once." Rushing up, however, with the determination of deciding his patron's bets in the most summary manner, his foot slipped, his head in consequence became unguarded, and he received a blow directly on the temple, which deprived him of consciousness throughout the remaining portion of the contest, although he managed to prolong it for the space of twenty-six minutes, for Crawley had become so overpowered that he could not avail himself of the advantage presented to him by this accidental and unexpected turn in his favour. Ward's bewilderment, however, increased, and Crawley was finally proclaimed the victor. At Holt's benefit, which took place only two days afterwards, Ward made his appearance, and was so much chagrined at the termination of his late contest, yet so confident of future success, that he challenged Crawley for *one thousand pounds*. Peter, however, refused to meet him, remarking that he was perfectly aware he had been fortunate, and entertained no idea of disputing the championship with Ward again. A still more convincing proof of the estimation which was formed of the late contest in the opinions of the spectators is elicited from the fact that Belcher, who seconded Crawley on the occasion, now offered to match Ward against him for £500 of his own money. It is almost superfluous to add, that no one on the part of Crawley accepted the challenge, and consequently the championship remained in the indisputable possession of Ward; indeed, no one had so legitimately deserved the title, for he had challenged and met every aspirant in rotation who appeared to assert his claim to that enviable distinction.

Some few months elapsed, when, at length, "Jack Carter," a brave and scientific man, who had studied in the right school, and manfully contended against "Tom Spring" for the lengthened space of two hours, challenged Ward for £50, being all the money his friends could raise. Ward appeared to consider the amount too insignificant for the British champion to contend for, and at first refused to meet any one for so trifling a stake, instancing the fact of his having himself contended for the championship for the large sum of *one thousand pounds*. Considerable discussion upon this matter took place among the amateurs in consequence of Ward's decision, some declaring that he was perfectly justified in his objection that the dignity of the champion should always be maintained; others, that a champion should at all times be prepared to answer any one who dared dispute his title, &c. At length, by the earnest solicitation of Mr. Dowling, Ward was prevailed upon, as a criterion of magnanimity and unflinching bravery, to accept the challenge. They accordingly met, and Carter proved himself as brave and greatly scienced an opponent as ever hero contended against. No effort within the capability of man did he omit to turn the tide of the contest in his favour, but all in vain—Ward had learnt a lesson from his last encounter, never to throw a chance away, and the brave Carter was compelled to yield in the brief space of twenty minutes.

Shortly after this decisive victory, a visit was paid to Ward by his backer, Mr. Joshua Anderson, when the former having remarked that he did not feel so well as usual, "Oh," remarked Anderson, "you want a little change of air—come with me to Southampton: I'm going on a shooting excursion, and if you like, I'll take you with me as my gamekeeper." Of course, the proposition was immediately accepted, and Ward was to repair to Mr. Anderson's tailor to be equipped with a proper gamekeeper's suit, which was to consist of dark velveteen and long unseemly gaiters. Ward examined the costume with peculiar scrutiny, and thought within himself, "I wonder what my friend Weston would think of this style of uniform!" However, he was informed it was the prevailing fashion for persons in that occupation of life; he therefore submitted to the penalty, but declared that he thought he never looked so much like a Guy in all his life before. Being duly equipped, they started for Southampton. Anderson was by no means aware that his gamekeeper was a good shot, and was

very agreeably surprised to remark the dexterity he evinced in his novel appointment ; but he became still more astonished on the occasion of a pigeon-match being proposed for a sweepstakes of a guinea per member. Several crack shots, including Anderson himself, had enrolled their names, and one more member being required to complete their number, he proposed to admit his gamekeeper. Accordingly, the gentleman in the long gaiters appeared at the scratch, and contended against his formidable opponents with such success, that he actually shot up for the prize, having made a tie with the best sportsman on the ground : the decisive shot, however, he lost by accident. Perfectly confident, the trap was drawn, the fowling-piece levelled to the shoulder, the finger on the trigger, when lo ! it suddenly fell off the gun upon the ground, the pigeon rising at the same moment, fluttered his wings for about two or three seconds, and gracefully flew back to Southampton, no doubt congratulating himself upon his happy escape from the gamekeeper's mischievous intentions.

## CHAPTER VI.

**MEETS WITH A BONA FIDE GAMEKEEPER ON HORSEBACK—HIS WELL-PLANNED ESCAPE—HIS INTERVIEW WITH SQUIRE BRIGGS—SPLENDID TOURNAMENT AT THE COUNTRY MANSION OF SIR ARTHUR PAGET, HONoured BY THE PRESENCE OF LADIES OF THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION—LEASOW CASTLE—JOSEPH BERRY'S PRIVATE OPINIONS ON THE FLUTE AND FLAGOLET—THE DEPARTURE FROM THE CASTLE, ETC.**

ANDERSON having now discovered that the gentleman in the long gaiters seldom missed his bird, pursued the sport with such unremitting ardour, that he had on one occasion inconsiderately strayed beyond the boundary of his preserve; and greatly to the surprise of both gentlemen, a gamekeeper mounted on horseback appeared in sight, and speedily made up to them. "Do you know where you are?" said he. "Not precisely," replied Anderson; "will you be good enough to inform us?" He at the same time nudged his gamekeeper to make off as fast as his legs would carry him, justly apprehending that he would be asked for his certificate. In order, therefore, to facilitate his escape, he kept parleying with the keeper, and engaged him so earnestly in conversation, that Ward, who had started from the valley, and wisely selected an almost perpendicular hill to ascend as being less accessible for the horseman, had obtained a fair start of him, ever and anon, however, he would stop and walk a few yards to regain his breath; but suddenly a glimpse of the huntsman following rapidly in the rear, would urge him again to take to his heels, which he did in right earnest, inwardly



consigning his long gaiters to the custody of that gentleman who is presumed to enjoy the freehold of the lower regions. At length, peering through the hedge, he beheld the highway : with renewed ardour he rushed towards it, and at one bound reached the turnpike road, before the huntsman, with all his galloping could overtake him. The keeper dashed over the hedge after him, and in a towering passion exclaimed, "Where's your certificate, you scoundrel?" "Why, you stupid fellow," replied Ward, "why didn't you ask me for it when I was on the ground." "Why! you impudent dog," replied he, "why! because you wouldn't give me time to ask you; that's why!" High words then ensued, when the huntsman again called him a scoundrel, and threatened to give him a downright good thrashing. Ward could stand it no longer. "If you think," said he, "that an honest gamekeeper like myself is to be called a scoundrel by such a fellow as you are, you're deceived. Just get off your horse, and I'll shew you my certificate in about five minutes." The horseman, muttering anything but prayers, jumped off, and rushed at the Champion of England with might and main. The sequel is soon told; in about three minutes he was so severely pummelled, that he could scarcely raise his leg to cross his pony. He could now only vent his rage in words. "You stop here," said he, "that's all. I'll fetch some people to put an end to your pranks," and off he rode, threatening him with the vengeance of the entire parish. Ward expected to have a whole regiment of gamekeepers placed upon his track, and therefore made the best of his way home without further ceremony. It appeared, however, that he had little cause for apprehension, as the huntsman received no sympathy from his companions, who only laughed at him when he retailed his story; and, looking at the materially altered appearance of his countenance, told him "They de'ant know whether the trespassing gamekeeper were a good shot at birds, but they thought he were no fool at t'other game howsom'dever."

In the immediate neighbourhood resided one Squire Briggs, as he was generally called in the district, another of Ward's backers. The Squire had a gamekeeper, a tall, heavy, muscular man, the terror of the surrounding country, who some time previously had very cleverly defeated a most formidable opponent, and was consequently looked upon as the Champion of the

South. Mr. Briggs was very anxious that Ward should put the gloves on with him, and have a formal "set-to" on the lawn in front of his house—a more whimsical exhibition could scarcely be conceived. The countryman, wielding his huge arms, would strike out right and left with terrific vigour, but before his blows were half expended, Ward would be about two yards distant from him, while he would stare about him with his mouth wide open in utter astonishment. Ward then, with the rapidity of lightning, would rush up to him, and ever and anon give him the most awkward taps, invariably getting out of his reach before he could return upon him. At length, in a positive rage, the countryman called out, "What sort o' sparring dun ye call that; hitting a fellow in the face and jumping away again. Why don't ye stand to it like a man. I shan't ha' no more on it. Thee had better try the game wi' some one else; thee shan't make a fool o' me no longer. Dang me if ever I fight with another man as long as I live."

In the vicinity of Southampton, at a distance of about three or four miles, Sir Arthur Paget, of the noble house of Anglesea, had a beautiful country seat, and was in the habit of honouring Ward not only by the distinction of frequent visits, but by a friendly and intimate familiarity of demeanour which rendered his sojourn in that locality peculiarly delightful. On particular days in the week Sir Arthur would escort Lady Paget to Southampton, and while she was engaged in shopping, would perambulate the town and its environs with Ward, conversing with him on the various topics of the day in the true spirit of companionship. On one occasion he informed him, that Sir Joseph York and several parties of high distinction were then on a visit at his seat, and that he had been planning some entertainment for them during their stay, and would be glad if Ward would consent to exhibit before them. "Could you oblige me, therefore," said he, "by sending to London for some proper person who could put on the gloves with you." Ward immediately recollected an old companion of his, whose name was Brown, a highly respectable man, and one who understood the science of attack and defence in a superior degree. He accordingly sent to town for him, and on the appointed day they reached the hospitable mansion of Sir Arthur. Their surprise, however, exceeded all bounds,

when, on the green luxuriant lawn, fronting the windows of one of the most beautiful structures a nobleman could desire to inhabit, they found erected, under the immediate auspices and personal superintendence of Sir Arthur himself, a twenty-four feet roped ring, constructed with perfect elegance of design, and adorned with four handsome flags, which waved in the breeze, at the extreme corners.

It would be almost impossible by description to convey an adequate idea of the beautiful aspect of this peculiarly favoured country seat. The reader must first imagine a bright, sunny day, and then on a green eminence commanding a most picturesque view of the white-crested foam of the splashing waves, which were gallantly bearing to the various parts of the compass their living freight of commercial enterprise, behold in all the magnificence of ancient structure, adorned by perennial flowers and evergreens, which Nature's hand had been prolific in placing there, a stately mansion, peopled at every verandah by England's nobility, graced by the presence of beauty and fashion in the persons of British ladies of the highest distinction, all assembled to witness the splendid array of this modern tournament. It was a scene calculated to awaken and inspire the noblest feelings of the heart; and never was champion more highly honoured. The sparring contest afforded immense entertainment to the spectators, much more particularly as gentlemen of rank and station gave their valuable assistance in the arena; and it was perfectly amusing on two several occasions, when Ward had slipped, to witness the celerity with which Sir Arthur bounded to his side, and helped him up with all the aptitude (and with infinitely more grace) of an experienced second. Ward's companion, Brown, acquitted himself perfectly to the satisfaction of his friend, and therefore could scarcely fail to please the assembly; but after the encounter, having had a polite introduction to the butler of the establishment, they cemented their acquaintanceship with so many libations to the jolly god Bacchus, that the frequency of their exhilarating draughts ultimately deprived him of the true philosophy of an equilibrium. Ward had also raised the cheering goblet to his lip full many a time and oft; but, although highly elevated, was not so overpowered as his friend. Sir Arthur, who greatly enjoyed the scene, himself undertook to be their

*chaperon*, and actually walked with them three miles on the road, in order to ensure their safe transit to Southampton.

Sir Arthur had two sons, finely grown youths, whose ages might have varied between ten and twelve years. They were instructed in every athletic exercise, and Ward ordered for them some elegantly finished sparring gloves, with gauntlet-taps, richly and fancifully ornamented, with which they were in the habit of practising the art of Self-Defence, under the auspices of Sir Arthur and the British Champion.

A few months after this event, Simon Byrne, who had been crowned with success in all his encounters, and had cleverly defeated Sandy McKay, and subsequently Phillip Sampson, was bold enough to enter the lists as a candidate for the championship, and as a matter of course challenged Ward. Ward's friends were always prepared, and accepted Byrne's terms without a moment's ceremony. The articles of agreement were forthwith drawn up, and each competitor retired to his quarters to prepare himself for the day of action.

Several eminent merchants of Liverpool who took a lively interest in Ward's welfare were anxious to select some retreat where he could pursue his routine of training in comfort and privacy, to attain which object their choice fell upon "Leasew Castle," the seat of Sir Edward Cust, which at that period, by his condescension, had been converted into an hotel, for the exclusive benefit of his butler, while the proprietor was pursuing his continental travels. This splendid castellated building is situate on the Cheshire Coast, about four miles from the Rock Light, and commands a beautiful view of the Mersey, and the richly-laden vessels which float upon her broad expanse of waters. During the bathing season it was the fashionable resort of some of the highest families of distinction. Ward's room was in a lofty turret of the building, for the sake of being more remote from intrusion; and as his chief exercises with his companion Joseph Berry, took place during the early hours of the morning, they were generally concluded before the bustle of the village commenced. They were, however, of a sufficiently fatiguing character to induce the necessity of repose at an early hour in the evening. Ward, therefore, whose secret was kept most implicitly and secretly by the proprietor, was looked upon by

the various families who sojourned at the castle in the light of a visitor, like themselves. But he soon attracted the partial attention of the matrons who resided there, by the marked kindness and attention which he bestowed upon their children : constantly was he devising some agreeable pastime to entertain their fancies, and not unfrequently would himself enter into the spirit of their amusements with as much zest as though he were as deeply interested in the sport as they could be themselves. The children, in return, became so attached to their amiable patron and playmate, that the moment they could escape from parental surveillance, they would seek him out with the most diligent anxiety, and wander with him for hours together in the full buoyancy of youthful delight.

His evenings were generally devoted to music, for which purpose he had provided himself with a flute and flageolet, and as the declining sun disclosed his parting rays, Ward would indulge in the execution of some simple melody, alternately bestowing his patronage upon either instrument as it presented itself to his reach ; he would then, by playing the same air on both in succession, endeavour to institute a comparison as to their relative qualities, but invariably found himself in a difficulty as to which instrument to give the preference. Having no other resource, therefore, he was compelled to enlist the valuable opinion of his friend Joe Berry, who was his only auditor. " Joe," said he to his drowsy companion, " I can scarcely tell which instrument I like the best, I wish you would listen attentively while I play both, and then give me your opinion." Joe was a man who never shirked the morning exercises, and being less constituted by nature than Ward, to bear the extreme fatigue which training imposed upon them, was only too happy when nine o'clock arrived to seek his couch, and retire to rest in order to recruit his strength. He was, therefore, by no means the most talented or able critic our hero could have selected, especially at night time, but, notwithstanding, Joe would rub his eyes, and sitting upright in his chair, undertake, as he said, to become umpire, and decide for him ; and if nodding assent to every note as Ward proceeded can be construed into admiration, then must poor Joe have been positively enchanted. The ordeal however drew on ; Ward took up the flute and played a

melody with his best execution, fearful though of Joe's interruption, and without directing his eyes towards him he immediately seized the flageolet, exclaiming, "Now stop, Joe, don't say a word till you've heard both." Accordingly, he would then breathe the same strain from the latter instrument, which, when achieved, he would address his companion with the anxious inquiry, "Well, Joe, now which do you like best?" Poor Joe was in the arms of Morpheus. "Do you hear me—which do you like best?" No answer. "Why, confound you," continued Ward, shaking him with might and main, "why, you stupid fellow, you're asleep." "Asleep!" cried Joe, suddenly rousing himself, and rubbing his eyes, "oh, nothing of the kind—it's beautiful, Jem; capital!—never heard anything better in all my life." "Oh! nonsense," replied Ward, "how can you tell *what* is beautiful, when you never *heard it*. Now, do you intend to listen?" "Yes, yes," replied Joe, "of course I do; now, start again, Jem, I am all right now." Ward took up the instrument, and with considerable patience said, "Well now, Joe, I rely upon you this time—do pay attention. The first, you perceive, is the flute." Scarcely, however, had he played half-a-dozen bars, when Joe became entirely oblivious to all the outward attractions of this sublunary world, and Jem, losing all patience, would lay down his instrument, give him another good shaking, and tell him to go to bed, for that he possessed no soul for music. Joe would not wait for a second invitation, but would instantly prepare for rest, muttering notwithstanding, during the entire process of disrobing himself, "Capital, Jem—beautiful! never heard anything better in all my life!"

The morning for departure however at length arrived, and then it was that the longing curiosity of the visitors at Leasow Castle was gratified by the disclosure of who and what the amiable stranger was who had so impenetrably preserved his incognito. Sensibly affected by the remembrance of the kindness he had evinced towards the junior branches of their families, they could not but contemplate the character of the Champion of England, whose challenge had been sufficient to overawe the bravest spirits of the day, having in his quiet retirement become the mild and loved companion of their children. Parental solicitude had aroused so grateful a feeling

in their hearts, that when the open car drew up to the castle which was to convey our hero on his conquering mission, it was surrounded by mothers, daughters, fathers, sons, all breathing the most fervent aspirations for his success and happiness ; and as the cold word "Farewell" issued from the purest lips, the warm tear of sympathy bedewed the brightest eyes.

## CHAPTER VII.

ENCOUNTER WITH SIMON BYRNE—ISAAC BITTON'S OPINIONS  
OF A MOURNING COACH—A SECOND CHAMPION'S BELT PRESENTED  
TO HIM BY SPRING—HIS VISIT TO THE NORTH, WHERE HE  
FINALLY MEETS HIS MATCH.

TUESDAY, the 12th of July, 1831, was appointed to decide the relative merits of Byrne and Ward. The event had long occupied the attention of the friends and patrons of the ring, and various were the surmises among the respective partisans as to the ultimate result of the encounter. The amateurs and best professional men, however, were so satisfied in their own judgment as to the superior skill of Ward, that they looked upon the daring of Simon Byrne rather in the light of an act of temerity than as one justified by any inward conviction of success. Reynolds, however, buoyed up by the recent victorious encounters of his pupil, expressed the greatest confidence in his merits, and the high testimonial of the master induced the patronage of Byrne's supporters. It is true the latter had been exceedingly fortunate in his contests, but it cannot be denied that Sampson was the best man he had defeated, and Sampson had *twice* succumbed to Ward, in less time than Byrne had occupied to achieve his single conquest.

The present meeting was originally intended to have taken place at Warwick, already distinguished by Ward's former triumph, and from having been the seat of the celebrated Guy Earl of Warwick, whose warlike exploits are rendered the theme of daily eulogium by the mysterious attendant who exhibits his sword and armour to wondering strangers within the walls of the truly picturesque and romantically situated castle. But the scene of action was subsequently changed, and



corinthians of first standing in society poured in from London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, to witness the contest, while the emblazonment of several coronets graced the panels of numerous carriages on the ground, rendered classical by its immediate proximity to Stratford-upon-Avon, the birthplace of our immortal bard. On the previous Sunday, Ward took up his quarters at Kenilworth, a spot calculated to awaken the most appropriate reminiscences, from having been the scene of many a stubbornly contested tournament, in the good old days of our Virgin Queen "Bess." Byrne sojourned at Leamington.

It is said that sailors, although possessed of indomitable courage, are exceedingly superstitious; and many men of acknowledged bravery in the field have, notwithstanding, lent implicit belief to the wild imaginations and impressions of unlucky omens. Buonaparte himself was not exempt from the spiritual influence of predestination, and placed considerable reliance on good and evil presages. How far pugilists share in this creed we cannot pretend to say, but certain it is that a party of Byrne's friends, who had assembled at the "George Inn," in the Market Place, at Warwick, and had ordered a carriage and four to convey them, on the morning of the contest, to the scene of action, were struck with an unusual sensation of depression and melancholy when, on issuing from the hotel, they beheld awaiting their orders "*a mourning coach*," the only conveyance which, in consequence of the overwhelming demand for vehicles of every description, the hotel keeper could call into requisition. The moment poor Isaac Bitton, who was one of the party, beheld it, he shook his head significantly, and exclaimed, in "*Israelite*" English, "Vell, if that aint a bit a bad luck, I'm blest. Vat, go to the ground in mourning! Then I vish I may die if ve shan't come back in the same livery. Vy didn't ye bring us a *hearse* at vonce? Ve shall all be grave enough afore ve come back, I can tell ye, there." How truly this prophecy was fulfilled will appear by the sequel. In the first instance, the carriage had only rolled through two streets when the main-spring broke, and the passengers were compelled to alight in a pelting shower until the fracture was repaired. "There," said Ike, "there! Didn't I tell ye so. Vos I right? That's only the beginning. How d'ye like it?" Of course the accident was not relished by any of the party; but they told the coachman

to make up for lost time, and they soon reached the scene of action—a beautiful and extensive meadow, recently mown, in the parish of Willeycott, four miles from Stratford-upon-Avon.

Ward's appearance excited general admiration ; in fact, *Bell's Life in London*, of the 17th of July, 1831, contains the following remarks :—" His countenance was clear and healthful ; his eye bright and playful ; his deep chest and broad shoulders gave him the appearance of prodigious strength, while the general symmetry of his form presented so fine a study, that we were almost disposed to agree with Dick Curtis, who exclaimed, ' Some gentleman ought to keep him for life, if it were merely to look at, as a perfect model of a British boxer.' " Byrne was heavier than Ward by nearly a stone ; but his appearance failed to favour the impression that he possessed active vigour. Nothing could be more decisive than Ward's victory, which he accomplished in an hour and a quarter, with manifest ease and certainty, for throughout the contest he had never thrown away a chance, deliberately awaiting time and opportunity, and skilfully availing himself of both advantages. Thus ended the last public encounter of James Ward, champion of England !

On returning home, the mourning coach and four driven at a rapid rate excited general observation from the singularity of its appearance, and as the passengers alighted at the " George Inn " after their inauspicious journey, poor Isaac Bitton exclaimed, " Vell, I'm glad I'm out o' that box, vether or not. Didn't I tell ye how it would be. Am I right ? I never knew no goot come of going to a party in a black drag. Ve're all of the same colour now, inside and outside, and no mistake ! As any one got a cure for ' *Byrnes* ' ( *BURNS* ? )—it's wanted, I can tell ye ! "

On Thursday, the 14th of July, a second champion's belt was presented to Ward at the Tennis Court, Peter Street, Soho, on the occasion of Reuben Martin's benefit. The Court was crowded to excess, and was honored by the presence of several individuals of high rank, including many foreigners of distinction. Tom Spring and Peter Crawley then ascended the stage, and called for James Ward, who positively blushed on reaching the arena at the loud acclamations with which he was received, a band of music simultaneously playing " See the

conquering hero comes!" The belt was then produced. It was composed of a broad band of purple velvet, richly trimmed with silver fringe, and bearing the words "Champion of England." In the centre was a crown, surrounded by a wreath composed of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, and beneath it a lion's head. Peter Crawley and Tom Spring then fastened the belt round his waist amidst the renewed cheers of the assembled multitude, when Spring remarked, that he had received it from Cribb, and now resigning it, bestowed it on the modern British champion who had nobly and worthily achieved that honourable distinction. On the next day the stakes were paid over, and Ward presented Byrne with £10, pledging himself to assist him with money in the next match he made. He then openly challenged any man in the world, whatever might be his country, size, or complexion, from the sum of £100 to £500.

And thus ended Ward's gladiatorial career.

Without invidiously instituting a comparison between his exploits and those of others whose achievements gained for them the distinguished rank and appellation of champion, we may fairly state, that in the estimation of the professional fancy itself none ranked more highly than Ward. The opinions of Dick Curtis, young Dutch Sam, Tom Spring, Owen Swift, and Harry Holt, all men of acknowledged skill, and masters of the true science of the art of self-defence, justify the declaration that Ward was the *beau ideal* of a British boxer!

It is a rather singular fact, that in the year 1840, long after it was clearly understood that Ward had abandoned the ring, both Caunt and Bendigo, the modern champions of the day, when boldly challenging the world, severally took exception to James Ward. *Bell's Life in London*, of August 23rd, 1840, contains the following replies in answer to correspondents:—"Did Caunt, in his challenge to any man in England, bar or except Jem Ward?—Answer, Yes. Did Bendigo, in his challenge to any man in England, bar or except Jem Ward? Yes." But probably the best criterion of his superiority of style as compared with others, and the most convincing proof of his consummate theoretical science, is to be gleaned from the practical results of his various encounters. Nearly all his contests (terminating in the most unequivocal victories), were decided in less than half the time usually occupied by the most

skilful practitioners; yet did he contend, one by one, against the leading men of the day. Estimated by this standard, and we deem it an infallible one, Ward was, to say the least of it, the most successful of all gladiators.

Thus, then, like Alexander, having nothing left to conquer, he again repaired to the provinces, and on this occasion directed his steps towards the north. He selected for his companions Harry Holt and John Carter. Their first halting place was Carlisle; it was astonishing to witness the sensation Ward's presence produced in this ancient town. The morning after their arrival he walked through the streets with Harry Holt, and was followed by such a crowd of men and boys, all wearing clogs, that the clatter upon the pavement reminded them of the constant discharge of artillery, and they were compelled to seek shelter until the hour arrived for the artisans to return to their various labours and occupations. Our travellers were exceedingly successful in Carlisle, and from thence proceeded to Glasgow; but if Ward's reception had been of a flattering description at the former town, how shall we speak in measured terms of the hearty welcome which greeted him in the Scottish city. Persons of every denomination, high and low, flocked to welcome the hero who had so nobly avenged the cause of their champion McKay by defeating Simon Byrne. The Scotch are very national in their feeling, and proverbially kind-hearted to every stranger who has distinguished himself by bravery or talent.

From Glasgow they proceeded to Edinburgh, where the warmth of hospitality exceeded all bounds, and men of the highest standing in society were delighted to pay homage to the Champion of England. The names of several influential parties in the city were speedily enrolled to give Ward a dinner, and he was presented with many national emblems of their esteem and regard. The dinner took place at the house of George Cooper, whose studied respectability of character and engaging manners had obtained for him the most cordial patronage of the *élite* of Edinburgh. At this dinner it was proposed that Ward should take a benefit at the Waterloo Hotel, admission to which was only to be obtained by private ticket. It was for the purpose of witnessing a sparring encounter between their established favourite George Cooper and the British champion. George Cooper had always held a prominent position on the

list of the most scientific men of the day—their glove contest therefore excited an unusual degree of interest—a breathless silence pervading the assembly, interrupted only by the impulsive acclamations of the admiring spectators, who declared they had never been more gratified in their lives. And now we arrive at a rather interesting portion of our narrative.

Finding that his career in arms was drawing to a close, in consequence of no opponent appearing to dispute his well-earned laurels with him, he began seriously to reflect upon his then isolated position, and, “like the soldier tired of war’s alarms,” to sigh for retirement and the home comforts of a domestic hearth. Few persons act decisively without some powerful incentive, and Ward proved no exception to the general rule; therefore, as true chroniclers of his history, we now find ourselves compelled to betray his secret. George Cooper had a daughter; we will not invidiously describe her personal attractions or domestic accomplishments; suffice it, that, as “none but the brave deserve the fair,” and as we have proved Ward’s judgment to be generally correct, and that he possessed an unerring eye for the beauties of nature, on the 8th of September, 1831, Miss Eliza Cooper became Mrs. James Ward. Ward, still acting upon the leading impulse of his life, namely, a grateful remembrance of every act of kindness which had been conferred upon him, made up his mind to settle in Liverpool, for it was from that highly influential port that, in the persons of the leading merchants of the town, he found his backers during his two last contests, and having, in consequence of their continued patronage, been enabled to realize a comfortable position in society in comparative retirement, he felt happy in the opportunity of spending his days amongst them.

## CHAPTER VIII.

HIS DAUGHTER'S BIRTH—SETTLEMENT IN LIVERPOOL, AND DISGUISE  
 AT HAWKESHEAD, WHERE HE MET THE VILLAGE ORACLE MR.  
 NASH, AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER—LAUGHABLE INCIDENT—  
 HIS ADMIRATION OF PAINTING—THE ACCIDENT WHICH GAVE  
 RISE TO HIS BECOMING HIMSELF AN ARTIST—THE CELEBRATED  
 MR. DESVIGNES' OPINIONS UPON HIS FIRST PRODUCTION.

ON the 1st of September, in the year 1832, Ward became a father : a daughter was born to him, who inheriting the genius of the sire, and possessing a soul attuned to harmony, appears destined to gain a reputation imperishable as his own. Miss Ward is a pianiste. The purity of the gold has already been tested by the critical assayers of the provinces, and only awaits the metropolitan stamp to become the sterling and current coin of the realm. But more on this head 'ere we bid adieu to our readers.

Fully established in Liverpool as the proprietor of an hotel, his house was frequented not only by the nobility and gentry of the environs, who visited the "sanctum sanctorum" set apart for their peculiar class, but men in every grade in society flocked round him, attracted by his name and reputation. Nor was his fame confined to Great Britain alone ; it spread to the hospitable shores of the United States, and scarcely an American vessel touched the port of Liverpool, whose officers and crews did not make Ward's house their general rendezvous. But he was not destined even in private life to remain long in obscurity. A *contretemps* occurred which compelled him to assume another character, and travel incognito a little further north than comported with his ideas of comfort. A match had been made with Deaf Burke and Simon Byrne, and the result of

the encounter, with its fatal termination for the latter, has become matter of history. He had been seconded by Spring and Ward, and they were therefore sufficiently implicated to render a temporary absence from home a necessary precaution, which they did not fail to adopt. Ward therefore left his establishment in the care of his "better-half," and under an assumed name proceeded to Hawkeshead, a village about seven miles from Kendal, where he took lodgings with a friend.

During his sojourn at this place he became acquainted with a man whose name was Nash, an auctioneer, who had formerly resided in Bristol; and like most men of his class was not only a very entertaining companion, but professed to know everybody and every thing; in fact he was the village oracle. This Nash and Ward had frequent excursions together, more especially to enjoy the sport of angling, to which both of them were exceedingly partial. Nash's conversation invariably turned upon the general leading topics of the day, with all of which he appeared to be familiarly acquainted; in truth he might have been regarded as a perambulating weekly newspaper. On one occasion, however, while in the act of fishing, Nash turned round to his companion, and remarked, "This is a bad job about poor Jem—isn't it?" Ward at once comprehended whom he meant, and found the colour rushing up to his face; but re-assuring himself, exclaimed, "Jem! what Jem?" "Why, poor Jem Ward," replied he, "do you know him at all?" "Oh, yes," replied Ward, "I know him: I've often been in his company. What of him?" "Why you know he seconded that Simon Byrne." "Did he?" said Ward. "Why of *course* he did," said Nash, "and is obliged to be out of the way. He's been in for it twice before; he's sure to go this time; nothing can save him, sir." "Do you think so?" said the stranger. "Ay, as sure as you and I are here at this moment," replied Nash, "and I'm downright sorry for it, for Jem's as good a fellow as ever lived." "Ho! ho!" thought Ward, "then I'm not discovered. I've heard myself," said he, "that he's a quiet, decent kind of man, I suppose, Nash, you know him very well—don't you?" "What, Jem? Lord bless you; why he and I are old pals: I wish I'd a guinea for every bottle of wine we've had together. He'd be as proud to see me, sir, as he would to see his own father. If he was only here now, and I were to tell him you were a friend of mine,

he'd treat you like a brother. But it's all up, now; I shall never see him again! poor Jem!" Ward felt greatly relieved by his last remarks, well knowing that Nash had never set eyes upon him until his visit to Hawkeshead.

They still continued their walks and fishing excursions as usual; but whenever the conversation flagged, which was not very frequently in Nash's company, Ward would frequently turn round to him, and exclaim, "Have you ever heard anything more of your old pal, Jem?" but was invariably answered in the negative, with the occasional remark, "Oh, *Jem's no fool*; he is out of the country before now, you may depend upon *that*!" At length, on one occasion on their return from fishing, having gone into the public-house to obtain some refreshment, a travelling surveyor, who was compiling a new set of maps, entered the house, and immediately recognizing Ward, exclaimed, "Why, Jem, is that you? what in the name of Fate brings you here? How is Mrs. Ward, and all our old friends at Liverpool?" It was too late to give hints; the plot was discovered. Ward coloured and smiled alternately, and fixed his eye upon Nash, who was on the other side of the room, with a sly, penetrating glance, full of meaning. Poor Nash was *non-plussed*; he hung down his head for a few seconds, completely disconcerted. At length he started up, as though some sudden idea had seized him, and creeping across the room to Ward, whispered gently in his ear, "Lord bless you, Jem, I knew you all the time, but I didn't like to tell you so."

In about two months after this event, concealment being no longer necessary, Ward was enabled to return to his family; and his next great hobby was "Pictures." Whenever a sale occurred of any gentleman's or dealer's collection, there would Ward be found, making the most extravagant purchases, to the extent on frequent occasions of four or five hundred pounds at a time. But, like most novices, at the outset he was deceived as to their originality. Ward was not a man likely to be duped frequently; he, therefore, bought the most elaborate treatises on painting, detailing the lives and productions of the great artists, and studied with such unwearied assiduity, that he at length became perfectly familiarised with the names, styles, and beauties of both ancient and modern masters, and could pronounce upon the real merits of a picture with almost



unerring accuracy. As a proof of this fact, a painting had been put up for auction in Liverpool on three several occasions, the originality of which was generally doubted by the connoisseurs, who would not believe it to be a genuine production. Ward had invariably contended to the contrary, and would not lose sight of its ultimate locality. He had been punctual in his attendance at the sale, but no bidders appearing, he felt diffident in placing a starting-price upon it, and it was consequently withdrawn for the third time. Still anxious, however, respecting it, he set inquiry on foot, "*sub-rosa*," and traced it to the Adelphi Hotel, where he ultimately purchased it by private treaty for £52. Delighted with his bargain, and anxious to test the value of his judgment, as weighed against that of all the Liverpool connoisseurs, he took the painting to London, and was gratified to find the correctness of his opinion fully confirmed, by the most certain of all testimony namely, its marketable value. He had not mistaken the artist. The picture was genuine—"The Backgammon Players," by Gerard Dow," and he sold it to a gentleman of the name of Rogers, residing in Finsbury-square, for £500.

It was then that new thoughts and new ideas filled his imagination, and that, untutored and unpractised in the profession, at the advanced age of forty-five years, he suddenly became an artist. In genius there lurks an inspiration alone to be repressed by the prejudicial influence of conspiring circumstances. Ward from his earliest infancy had been their slave. Unblest by precept or example, he was left to pursue the path which first presented itself to his view, but as in perspective he beheld the bright reward of fame and fortune attainable by perseverance, skill, and study, ambition prompted and energy directed his steps, until finally he achieved the desired object. And now, no other prospect appearing before his inquiring gaze, all the finer attributes of his liberal nature were struggling to direct the mind to some more worthy subject for enterprise, more congenial with the feelings and sentiments which then animated his anxious breast. Again, the force of circumstances directed his course, and the talent he has subsequently displayed, not only in the noblest and most classical art, but in the most classical order of that ennobling art, incontestably favours the conviction that his strong per-

ceptive faculties and untiring perseverance would have constituted him a distinguished character in any art or science, however lofty or sublime, had the light of a liberal education diffused its ray upon his childhood years. The accident which induced him to devote his mind to painting is well worthy of record.

An eminent London artist of the name of Desvignes, who has acquired considerable celebrity as a cattle and landscape painter, and some of whose productions, painted under peculiar circumstances, have frequently been sold for Cooper's, was on the most friendly terms of intimacy with Ward, and being very skilful in the art of restoring pictures, was employed by him to resuscitate a certain painting, which required all the care of a finished artist's superintendence in order that the original subject might be brought more prominently to light, unimpaired by cleaning and untouched by the too frequently mistaken improvements of a modern pencil. Desvignes was not only pleased with the painting, but was much struck with the artistical ideas evinced by Ward, in his instructions as to the method he wished him to pursue. Before entering, however, upon the execution of his professional duties, Ward and he had indulged in an epistolary correspondence. Desvignes would frequently, by way of postscript to his letter, sketch with his pen the portrait of a cow or sheep, to amuse Ward's pictorial fancy; and on one occasion, Ward thought his reply would scarcely be conclusive unless he adopted a similar style; therefore, having carefully examined Desvignes' original, he returned to him as perfect a copy of it as his then unpractised skill would permit him to perpetrate. He was agreeably surprised, however, to receive an answer from Desvignes, acknowledging that Ward's outline was superior to his own. Subsequently, when on a visit at Ward's house, Desvignes having expressed himself to Mrs. Ward in the most laudatory terms of his quick judgment and correct conception of painting. Mrs. W. suggested the idea, that if some impetus were given to keep alive the predilection he had evidently conceived for the art, probably he might himself become an amateur artist; and that the occupation would not only form a pleasing study, but would tend to employ his mind. With this view, Desvignes one day bought him a choice box of paints and brushes; and having handed him a landscape copy, requested

he would try to paint as close a resemblance of it as possible. Ward felt exceedingly diffident, yet was much pleased with Desvignes' kind intentions; and, after considerable persuasion, consented to undertake the task, upon the proviso that Desvignes was on no account to overlook him while he made the attempt. This preliminary condition being agreed upon, Ward retired to a private room, and in less than two hours produced his picture, which in the main and most effective points surpassed the original drawing presented to him for copy. Desvignes was astonished. "Why, Ward," exclaimed he, "with what rapidity you have done it—ay, and with what true effect. A boldness of style that would not discredit Gainsborough, and very closely resembling his early productions. I am delighted and surprised beyond measure; you must continue this art. If without having received a solitary lesson you can achieve so much, I will not pronounce to what pinnacle of fame practice and experience may not ultimately lead you. Persevere; it is clear you have chosen for your guide an unerring master—Nature!" This being Ward's first production, and executed under such extraordinary circumstances, Desvignes insisted upon keeping it. It is a landscape; the scenery and cattle are faithfully portrayed; and it now adorns the studio of Mr. Desvignes, in Newman-street, London, bearing an inscription detailing the brief history of its origin, nor would he part with it for the most tempting consideration which could be offered to him.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE SINGULARITY OF HIS FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE MARQUIS  
OF WATERFORD—HIS PURSUIT AND STUDY OF PAINTING—  
ANDERSON, THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH, CONFESSING HIMSELF  
NO CONJUROR.

FROM this period, Ward was constantly essaying his pencil not only in depicting imaginary subjects but in copying Nature from practical observation. The shore of Bootle afforded him a wide scope for study : the morning's dawn and day's decline, with their respective golden tints and ruddy tinges, did not escape his most minute researches ; for there appeared to him in nature more real transparency and brilliancy of light than the dull admixture of oil colours could by possibility irradiate—at least, on minute examination of the works of even celebrated masters, much as he admired their outlines, fidelity, and general effect, yet did there appear to him an absence of warmth and refulgence essential to impart a proper tone to the *tout ensemble*. It was therefore his constant study, by the judicious preparation of colours, to endeavour to conquer this apparent difficulty ; how far he succeeded will be best evinced by the editorial remarks of several leading journals, which we will take the liberty to transcribe in their proper places. He continued however to nurse the predilection he had formed for painting unobtrusively, and for some period none but his immediate friends were aware nor even suspected that Ward was an artist. About this period also he continued to give instructions to some of the fashionable young men about town in the art of self-defence, and a rather singular event took place on one occasion, which we will take the liberty to relate. A pupil of Ward's had arrived at his house, and was ushered into the parlour where two gentlemen of the

Hebrew persuasion were discussing the merits of certain manoeuvres in the art of self-defence, upon which there existed a difference of opinion ; there were also present two individuals of commanding exterior, apparently strangers to Liverpool, who appeared to take interest in their debate. Ward shortly made his appearance among them, and after the usual complimentary salutations, the sons of Abraham continued their conversation until the altercation appeared likely to occupy some hours, when one of the strangers alluded to suggested that he had always found practical illustration more convincing than the most studied theory, and that if the disputants in friendly feeling would consent to decide the merits of the case by putting on the gloves in the sparring room, he would be happy to pay for wine and refreshment for the party. The proposition was good humouredly agreed to, and the gentleman, whose liberality was so conspicuously displayed, appeared highly gratified with the proceedings. After two or three bouts between the pupil of Ward and the disputants alternately, Ward, addressing the gentleman who had promoted the sport, said, "Come, sir, I perceive you are pleased with this little display, will you put on the gloves with me?" "No, thank you," replied the gentleman, "I would rather decline." "Oh ! pray do sir," retorted Ward, "I will use you gently, you may rely upon it." "Oh," replied he, "I have too good an opinion of you to doubt that for a moment, but I would rather be excused to day ;" and shortly afterwards, expressing themselves highly gratified, the gentlemen retired.

Some few months had elapsed, when the Races were the cause of convening in Liverpool the aristocracy of the surrounding country, and the Marquis of Waterford, among other gentlemen of high standing, was conspicuous on the course. Ward was exceedingly anxious to see the individual of whom fame had spoken so largely, and when pointed out to him, took particular notice of his general appearance, in order that he might recognize him again. In the evening, however, he was very much gratified to receive an unexpected visit from the gentleman in *propria persona*. He was accompanied by several of the aristocracy, and immediately accosted Ward in terms of the utmost familiarity. "Well, Ward," said he, "what amusement have you in store for us to-night—you remember we had a rare entertain-

ment the last time I was here." "I beg your pardon, Marquis," replied Ward, "I believe I never had the honour of seeing you here until this evening." "Oh, but you had," retorted he; "why don't you remember the sparring match that took place between the two little Hebrews and a pupil of yours, and your polite invitation to me to put on the gloves with you?" "What!" replied Ward, "Is it possible you were the gentleman I challenged? Then upon my word, Marquis, it was really too bad of you to leave the house without letting me know who you were. I wonder what you thought of my easy familiarity?" And they enjoyed a hearty laugh together.

Ward still continued the pursuit of painting during his leisure hours, and as his thoughts were ever directed to the most difficult portions of the art, he studied every species of effective colouring, and next essayed his skill in depicting the enamelled and pearly transparency of the oyster shell, in all its variety of shot-coloured tints; a task which, it is said, requires considerable artistic talent: he ultimately succeeded, however, in producing the desired colour and shade with surprising fidelity. Ward's mind became now entirely devoted to painting, mixing colours, studying effects, producing perspectives, sketching cows, drawing horses, tracing dogs, pencilling sheep; and, in the intensity of his pursuit, spoiling every coat he wore, until, like Joseph's, they appeared of many colours, and certainly required no more *brushing* than he had inadvertently given them in the heat of his ardour.

Most of my readers have doubtless heard of Mr. Anderson, the celebrated Wizard of the North, whose mysterious practices in legerdemain have acquired for him an immense reputation, considerably enhanced by his frequent appearance before Her Gracious Majesty at Balmoral Castle; but in order to prove that occasionally even wizards themselves are no conjurors, we will relate an anecdote which occurred at Ward's establishment, wherein the deceiver of all deceivers was himself most completely deceived. While on a starring speculation at the Theatre Royal in this town, he met with a friend, whose fame, in his own particular *forte*, was no less extended than his own, namely, that *chef-de-cuisine*, Monsieur Soyer, the very Prince of Cooks. The latter, in the course of conversation, expressed a wish to be introduced to Ward, who he understood had become a painter, and was anxious to be permitted to view his produc-

tions. The late Madame Soyer was an artist of no mean celebrity, and Monsieur considers himself a connoisseur in the art, which, doubtless, he is. Accordingly, Soyer was introduced by Anderson, and requested to be favoured by an inspection of Ward's paintings. Unluckily however they called at night time, and Ward naturally objected to exhibit them under such unfavourable auspices; but Soyer's curiosity was completely aroused, and as he expressed his apprehension that he might have no other opportunity, his presence being required in London, Ward was ultimately prevailed upon to exhibit one of his works—"A Setting Sun," irradiating the horizon and the broad expanse of waters as he appeared sinking to repose in the western hemisphere. Mrs. Ward kindly officiated on the occasion by supporting the painting in a peculiar position on a chair, so as to receive the correct refraction of light emitted from the gas in front; but while thus engaged, Anderson, who had perceived that Mrs. W. had previously in compliment to them herself taken a candle into the studio to procure the picture, being suddenly struck with the extraordinary refulgence of brightness which the sun appeared to disclose, rose from his seat and walking to the back of the painting playfully observed to her, "Pray stop, madam, a moment—let us have fair play if you please: take the candle from behind it, and then we can form a more legitimate opinion of its real effect." Imagine, however, the amazement of the Wizard when, on reaching the chair, behold no candle was near it! the transparency being elicited from the purity and radiance of colour alone. Soyer enjoyed his bewilderment amazingly, and Anderson could not help exclaiming, "Well, that beats all my tricks however—I must never pretend to be a conjuror again."

## CHAPTER X.

HE PREPARES A PICTURE FOR THE LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION—THE  
 OPINIONS OF THE PRESS—PRESENTATION OF PLATE FROM THE  
 BANKERS AND MERCHANTS OF LIVERPOOL—SECOND EXHIBITION—  
 WITH FLATTERING PARAGRAPHS, ETC.

WARD at length resolved to paint a picture for the Liverpool Exhibition, and one which should neither discredit the collection nor his own name. He selected for his study a sea view—as delicate a production as the artist's pencil could trace. A facetious acquaintance of his, who had often enjoyed the hospitality of his friendly board, and cracked many a bottle of wine with him, was surprised beyond measure, when first he beheld this picture at the York Hotel, previously to its public exhibition. "Can it be possible, Ward," said he. "Is that your painting? Why, the last time I saw you, you were '*drawing wine*' and I remember I relished it amazingly, but now it appears, you have been '*drawing water*,' and upon my life I like '*the water*' ten times better than I did the wine."

The day approached for the opening of the Exhibition, and the unpretending painting was sent in to stand the test of its individual merit. This was in the year, 1846. In due course, one journal spoke of its merits in the following terms:—

"LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION.—Our readers will doubtless be glad to hear that James Ward the ex-champion of England, who has shewn his skill in many a hard-fought battle, has directed his energies to the easel, and has produced a picture worthy a place in the Liverpool Exhibition of Paintings, which opened on



Monday last. Yes! James Ward, whose hands have not been used to the most tender of touches, now gives a colouring to canvas which commands the approbation of artists of no mean celebrity; and what would our readers suppose to be the subject of the first public effort of this hero of a hundred fights. Reflecting on the habits of the man, his training, and his former occupation, would it not be expected some stirring scene of life, some wild landscape, or some storm at sea, would call forth the first beamings of his genius. But no! the subject is a Calm: a sweet little picture it is—a sea view, “A Calm.” The richness of the colouring could scarcely be surpassed. It is a perfect gem, the clear blue water almost sparkles again. It is indeed, all circumstances considered, a great curiosity, although a little picture; the ex-pugilist, we believe, is a self-taught artist, and has only for about eighteen months devoted his attention to painting. Verily, we live in strange times, and see strange things.”

The *Liverpool Mercury* has the following paragraph on the same subject,—

“No. 389, ‘A Calm.’ J. WARD.—We looked at this little picture with great interest, although we were obliged to go down on our knees in order to do so. It is quite a curiosity in its way, having been painted by the celebrated pugilist and ex-champion, Jem Ward. He is a self-taught artist, and after about eighteen months study has produced a perfect gem. Few could equal, and still fewer excel, the richness and warmth of colouring about his sky, or the transparency and flatness of his sea. We invite all who really can appreciate a good thing to look into this picture, and say, whether or not its own merit, independent of the interest it cannot fail to produce upon other accounts, ought not to have earned it a more prominent place in the Exhibition.”

A great excitement was caused among the artists in the town, in consequence of this truly unexpected addition to their number in the person of one who had only studied for a few months, and was moreover his own instructor. Curiosity prompted the attendance of many connoisseurs at Ward's house, for the purpose of ascertaining if he really could be the author of so extraordinary a production; and shortly after this event, Ward was honoured by the unexpected presence at his

establishment of forty of the principal merchants and bankers of the town of Liverpool, who ordered a dinner to be provided at a guinea per ticket, and invited him as their chief guest. This unexpected honour was truly gratifying to the feelings of Mr. Ward. Mr. Moss, the banker, presided on the occasion, and after the cloth had been removed, and the various loyal toasts and sentiments had been circulated round the festive board, Ward was presented with a handsome service of plate, commemorative not only of his extraordinary achievements, but in testimony of the esteem and regard in which he is held in Liverpool as a man and citizen. A higher compliment could not have been paid to any one, and the distinction reflects equal credit and honour on both parties. The success which attended his first production naturally induced him to prepare some new feature for the ensuing season, and anxious to convince the world that he was not confined to one style alone, he on this occasion chose to diversify his paintings.

Accordingly, at the next Exhibition, three pictures, elaborately detailed, called forth the following encomiums from the artistic correspondent of the *Liverpool Mail*, bearing date, November 10th, 1849,—

“No. 400. ‘A Landscape, Evening.’ J. WARD.—Astonishment and admiration struggle for mastery in contemplating this very pleasing specimen of art, the production of the champion of England. So much has already been said respecting the extraordinary artistic skill of our amiable citizen, we content ourselves with merely remarking that he has two very extraordinary paintings of the ‘Setting Sun,’ one of which, by the bye, No. 603, in the corridor, is called the ‘Rising Sun’ by some gentleman who could never have looked at it, and who in the plentitude of his wisdom appeared anxious that no one else should, having placed it behind the figure of some unfortunate virgin saint, who we are informed was first beaten with a mallet and afterwards burnt. They are first class pictures, and if placed in a proper light could not fail to excite the admiration of the connoisseur.”

A most elaborate critique appeared in the *Liverpool Courier*, which was afterwards transcribed into a Dublin journal, entitled *The World*, accompanied by their own remarks, and dated June 23rd 1849.

"JAMES WARD AN ARTIST.—In this age of wonders, when each new year teems with discoveries in art and science, which awaken our warmest admiration, we are gratified in being enabled to record the triumphs of intuitive genius soaring above the prejudices allied to obscure origin, and by intrinsic merit claiming kindred with the polished classes of educated society. James Ward, the ex-champion of England, has, unassisted by the slightest instruction, become an artist in the most pure and unqualified sense of the term. His last production—the setting sun dipping his brilliant orb in the blushing wave—forms as chaste a portraiture of nature as ever emanated from the most masterly pencil. The horizon, and happy distribution of the varied coloured clouds, display a boldness of outline which the fearless hand of truth could alone have ventured to depict. The perspective is in admirable keeping. The foreground is also beautifully relieved by the distant corruscations emitted from the departing god of day; while the presence of a small boat, resting near the bank, forms an interesting object in this faithfully delineated sketch of nature. In fact, the *chiara oscuro*, or happy blending of light with shade, is perfect; but the really transcendent excellence of the painting will be discovered in the hitherto unapproached and felicitous tone of colour pervading the whole picture. We have never before seen realized that peculiar warmth of colouring which indicates the concentration of heat and light; but immediately the eye rests upon Ward's picture, an idea is conveyed that the sun is basking in the borrowed refulgence of some concealed agency, so perfectly transparent and fire-emitting an orb does it appear. Most heartily do we congratulate Mr. Ward upon this extraordinary work of art, illustrating the poetic lines of Anacreon Moore—

'How brilliant the sun looked when sinking,  
The waters beneath him how bright.'

We, too, have seen some specimens of Mr. Ward's genius as a limner, and have no hesitation in saying, that they would be creditable to any artist who had devoted his entire life to the study of painting. His exploits in the Ring will soon be forgotten in the infinitely more worthy success of the studio.

Cincinnatus converting his sword into a ploughshare, after conquering the enemies of Rome, is not a more pleasing subject than James Ward, the prince of prize-fighters, the Napoleon of pugilists, turning the hand that could fell an ox into the ductile instrument of a painter."

## CHAPTER XI.

THE OPINIONS OF THE CELEBRATED "VATES"—HIS SONNET TO MISS WARD ON HEARING HER PLAY THE "CRACOVienne"—MR. DOWLING'S ESTIMATION OF THE EARLY PRODUCTIONS OF WARD—HIS INTENTIONS RESPECTING A PUBLIC EXHIBITION OF HIS OWN PAINTINGS.

THE identical painting alluded to in the foregoing chapter was bought by a connoisseur, for fifty pounds, and Ward was subsequently waited upon by several parties, anxious to obtain specimens of his artistic skill, and, in no less than four or five instances, desiring him to fix his own value upon his productions. But he never could be tempted to avail himself of any pecuniary offer. He made several gifts, but never (with the solitary exception alluded to) sold any of his works. The Earl of Caledon, who honoured him by a marked distinction of the most friendly character (fully evinced by his condescending to sanction the dedication of this work to himself), has given a place in his picture gallery to two of his early productions, upon which he is said to place great value. His last effort which met the public eye was a pleasing landscape, painted for the Exhibition of 1850; and which is thus spoken of in the *Liverpool Mercury*, of November 19.

"No. 271, 'Landscape,' J. WARD.—This little subject deserves attention, first, from the fact of its being painted by the far-famed boxer, we should rather say professor of the noble art of self-defence; and secondly, from its being really a clever sketch, painted quickly, and in an off-hand style, but nevertheless containing every ingredient of the artist, which shews he has the material of the right sort within. It is broad, and well-conceived in light and shadow, pleasing and natural in tone, most free and artistic in its mode of treatment; having no tameness, or thinness of colour, but painted with a full and free

pencil. The subject is picturesque, and judiciously selected ; and altogether the picture is highly creditable, considering it is from a hand, which has been engaged in striking effects of another kind but which are now laid by for more intellectual pursuits."

The celebrated Vates, whose clever prophecies have rendered his assumed cognomen decidedly an appropriate one, during a visit at Ward's establishment in the year 1850, was so completely astonished and enthusiastic in his admiration of his artistic talents, that Ward presented him with a painting, highly esteemed by the recipient, who poured forth his acknowledgements in a complimentary letter, which we venture to transcribe.—

"Mr. James Ward,

"29, Hill-street, Brompton,  
17th July, 1850.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I will look in at Jem Burns', and trust to find your most valued present there, which I shall always prize in memory of an old friend, and as the record of a self-taught artist, whose works are destined to live in our British galleries.

"Passing as I did so rapidly from regaling my eyes with your Paintings, to feasting my ears with your gifted daughter's Music, I have ventured to invoke their sister Poesy, to convey feelingly, but sincerely, the effect produced on me, by the 'Cracovienne;' and if Miss Ward will give it a place in her scrap-book, though the lines are no fitting tribute to her talents, they may tend, at least, to remind her of my unfeigned admiration of her youthful powers, as that they are prophetic of the career which under the blessings of Providence, she is destined to run.

"Ever most faithfully,

"JOHN J. H."

Inclosed appeared the following lines :—

A Sonnet, addressed to Miss Ward, on hearing her play the  
"Cracovienne," with Wallace's "Alterations."

If music be the food of heavenly spheres,  
Then hast thou to a miracle given birth ;  
As angel's choirs have charmed my listening ears,  
Nor made me feel, the loss of heaven—on earth !

See! o'er the notes, her flying fingers sweep:

What power, what taste, in exquisite union blend;

Those sounds, my spirit in elysium steep:

Would that the dying echoes ne'er might end.

Thine be the fate—for genius will make way—

To win amid the world, a glorious name;

Nor deem the offering of this simple lay

More than the prescient tribute to thy fame;

And when thou shalt her perilous heights attain,

Mayst thou thy sweet simplicity retain!

“VATES.”

In the Exhibition year, 1851, Ward, with his *cara sposa*, spent a week in London, to visit the Crystal Palace, and during their stay they called one morning upon Mr. Dowling, the editor of *Bell's Life in London*, to whom Ward had presented two of his early paintings. Mr. Dowling took him into his study, and shewed him how carefully he had disposed of them, so as to receive the benefit of a proper and advantageous light. Ward expressed his gratification at the great care bestowed upon his productions, but observed, “Those are only original efforts; I think you had better let me take them home with me, and replace them with others of a higher-class school, for I am a very different artist now—those are mere sketches when compared with the lofty order of painting I am at present directing my attention to.” Mr. Dowling, however, replied; “He would not part with them on any consideration, for,” continued he, “you would deprive me of a very considerable gratification—there is scarcely a person of any standing in society who honours me by a call, to whom I do not make a point of exhibiting these paintings; and after having awaited patiently to hear the eulogiums which are generally passed upon them, I then turn round to the spectators, and with pride exclaim—Would you believe that those pictures were painted by a pugilist? No! no! these little specimens have become heir-looms with me now, and I must never part with them.”

Shortly after the Liverpool Exhibition of 1850, encouraged by the free and unbiassed opinions of several of the best metropolitan and provincial judges of painting in the kingdom, Ward resolved to abandon his former pursuits, and during the ensuing

three years to devote his time almost exclusively to that intellectual and fascinating art.

We have before remarked that our hero had always steadfastly refused to make the profession a means of subsistence, even though encouraged by the most liberal pecuniary inducements. But he now resolved to form a collection of paintings, all executed by himself, which should consist of from twelve to fourteen subjects of the highest classical and intellectual order, for the purposes of public exhibition throughout the principal towns and cities of the United Kingdom; and to give them due effect, every effort which the concentration of deep research, continued study, practical illustrations, and hitherto unattempted effects could devise, to convey on canvas the ideality of nature robed in splendour, or unadorned in romantic simplicity, has been called into requisition, to render this collection of paintings executed by an artist of seven years' practice, intuitively directed by genius, an object alike to awaken the astonishment of the public, to display a faithful representation of sunsets glowing with fire, and daybreaks moistened with dew, landscapes presenting green luxuriant couches for recumbent cattle, gondolas reposing on Venetian streams, and bold descriptive views of the undulating waves of the mighty deep. The completion of this undertaking is drawing speedily to a close, and the public may shortly expect to see advertised for exhibition a collection of paintings, emanating from an untutored pencil, which will embody the most refined qualities of the loftiest intellectual order of artistic study.



## CHAPTER XII.

THE OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON MISS WARD'S TALENTS AS A  
PIANISTE—REMARKS ON THE ESTIMATION IN WHICH WARD'S  
CONDUCT HAS BEEN HELD BY INDIVIDUALS OF THE HIGHEST  
DISTINCTION.

ANOTHER strong incentive operated upon the mind of our hero to induce his adoption of the undertaking we have alluded to—his daughter, a young lady whose transcendent talents as a *pianiste* have become the theme of general admiration wherever she has hitherto appeared, is about to brave the ordeal of a London audience. The Liverpool and Manchester press have been unqualified in their encomiums upon this young lady's public performances, and she was honoured so long as three years past by the most flattering and complimentary approval of the celebrated Monsieur Benedict, who, in a private conversation held with a third party, pronounced her style and execution pre-eminently distinguished. Her first effort in public elicited the following encomiums from the *Liverpool Mercury*:—

"We must now refer to the very successful *débüt*, as a *pianiste*, of Miss Eleanor Ward, whose youth and interesting appearance inspired the audience with a favourable impression before she had sounded a note. There is generally perceptible in the early dawning of a great genius some peculiar feature, which, although unmaturing, gives assurance of future excellence; and this is apparent in Miss Ward's performance, for not relying solely upon the great practical skill and extensive study which has enabled her to acquire on the instrument a masterly

execution timed with *metronomical precision*, and possessing a vigour and style scarcely attainable at her tender years, she displays a mind, a depth of feeling pervading her adagio movements which nature alone could confer, and which seems to point out for her a career brilliant as hope cherishing bright anticipations of her future destiny can trace. Her fingering is faultless, and a modesty of demeanour, innocent of all assumption, appears to characterise her every movement uninvaded by the lengthened plaudits of her admiring listeners. The execution of the popular fantasia *La Violette*, by Herz, though replete with difficulties, was brilliant in the extreme, and drew forth a loud encore. We venture to assert that the period is not far distant when our predictions respecting this young lady's future excellence will be amply verified."

In the year 1850, *Bell's Life in London*, of April 25th, has the following critique :—

"MISS E. WARD, PIANISTE.—On Thursday week this young lady, daughter of Mr. James Ward, made a most successful *début* before the musical public of Manchester, at a concert given by Mr. Ryalls at the Free Trade Hall. The audience was rather a numerous one, and the impression produced by Miss Ward's playing was one of undisguised delight and approval. The professional parties present, whose good opinion is always most valuable, were especially hearty in their applause. The following is a portion of the notice given by the *Manchester Examiner* of Saturday last :—'The leading attraction of the evening was the piano-forte playing of a Miss Ward, the daughter of an individual who has gained laurels in another art, the art of self-defence. Miss Ward is very young, little beyond seventeen years, we understand, she possesses a delicate figure with a nice expression of face, in which there is a mark of good sense as well as sensibility. Her playing, when we consider her age and person, deserves very high consideration. She has a fine bold touch, exhibits great confidence and brilliance of execution, and powers with the left hand that would have been creditable to many names which stand more prominent in public estimation. We trust this early bringing out will not interfere with her faith in study, but that she will persevere in a course which there is every reason to believe will conduct her to a high pro-

fessional position.' Such a notice from an impartial source cannot but be regarded as most flattering and valuable to Miss Ward and her family."

The *Era* of the same date is equally complimentary :—

"On Thursday week a grand concert was given in the Free Trade Hall, at Manchester, in which Miss Eleanor Ward, daughter of the celebrated Mr. James Ward of Liverpool, was announced to make her first appearance before a Manchester audience, and musical expectation was raised very highly to hear the young pupil of Mr. B. R. Isaac of whom rumour spoke so favourably. Miss Ward is young (we should say not eighteen years of age), delicate, extremely modest in her demeanour, and on her *entrée* she received a cheering welcome. Being seated at the piano to hazard the execution of Herz's difficult '*Fantasia Brillante*,' an earnest stillness pervaded the entire auditory, and we could see many an accomplished professor of the 'art divine' gazing with wonder at one so young venturing on so great an experiment. The first chords were touched with such charming precision that at once told the *débutante* was a lady of no common order; she held the audience spell-bound, for the noble instrument became

'Slave of her thoughts, obedient to her will'—

and whether the mighty tones rolled with majestic grandeur or flowed with the gentle whispers of the zephyr, the audience rose in raptures as she proceeded, and Miss Ward achieved a triumph we have not heard before for a long time. Her success was complete."

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We are now called upon to take leave of our readers, and to apologize for any errors of style or language which we may have committed in the compilation of this hastily penned sketch. We entreat them also to believe that, discarding extraneous matter, we have simply brought to light those incidents in our hero's life which we considered most important and interesting to the public, deriving, in all probability, their chief merit from their truth and authenticity. It is a rare occurrence that a life commenced not only in obscurity, but environed by apparently

insurmountable obstacles, should result in a fame and reputation which few men with the highest prospects have been enabled to achieve ; and the condescending marks of distinction with which James Ward has been honoured by noblemen of the first grade in society, prove beyond doubt that his conduct and general respectability of character formed a decided guarantee for this liberal extension of their more than complimentary patronage.

FINIS.

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